

VALLEY FARMER.

A Monthly Journal of Agriculture, Horticulture, Education and Domestic Economy
Adapted to the wants of the people of the Mississippi Valley.

VOL. IV.

ST. LOUIS, DECEMBER, 1852.

No. 12.

Close of the Volume.

With this number we bring our readers to the close of Volume 4, as well as the close of the year 1852; and encouraged by the success of the past we enter upon the duties of the future with renewed zeal and activity. During the year which is now closing the number of subscribers to the Valley Farmer has nearly doubled, and we believe its readers will concede that its interest and value has also very considerably increased. Four year's experience has made us familiar with the wants and wishes of the people of the great valley where our paper is designed to circulate, and the reading of our publication for the same space of time by many of the best men of the country has inspired them with a confidence in its intentions and the value of its teachings, which enables us to look with confidence to its future successful career.

In this volume we have given about one thousand articles, original and selected, upon the various subjects connected with rural and domestic life. It has been our aim in all our articles to have in constant view the capacities, wants, circumstances and wishes of all our readers;—how far we have succeeded they must judge, but if we can form any estimate from the opinions expressed by our cotemporaries of the press or of intelligent correspondents, we have not failed in our efforts.

There is one department of our paper of which we may speak with freedom, and that is the FAMILY CIRCLE. We firmly believe that no parent who truly estimates its influence upon his family would willingly be deprived of it, and we do know it is the sincere desire of its conductor to render its pages attractive and

useful. This is a feature in our publication rather unlike any other and so far it has received the unbounded approbation of all the wise and the good.

New Agricultural Warehouse.—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Lee & Co. on the first page of our advertising department.

Delinquents.—We intended to send with this number bills to all our delinquent subscribers but not having got them ready, we must defer it till the January number.

Subscribers to the Farmer and Artisan! With this number closes the period for which we contracted with Dr. Edmundson to furnish you the Valley Farmer. Will you not send on your money for its continuance?

SEND ON YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.—We expect to be at Jefferson City for a few days on the opening of the session of the Legislature which meets on the 13th inst. and this will afford a favorable opportunity to send on the amount of your subscriptions, or you can remit by mail direct to us at St. Louis at our risk.

FRANKLIN CO. AG. SOCIETY.—Mr. E. Jeffries writes us that this Society met on Saturday, Nov. 13, and elected the following officers:—

HENRY CHEATHAM, *President.*

ELISHA B. JEFFRESS, *Secretary.*

S. L. KENNETT, *Treasurer.*

J. G. CHILES, 1st. *Vice President.*

JUDGE TERRY, 2nd. *Vice President.*

Joseph J. Wood, Asa Brackenridge, Dan'l. Q. Gale, A. W. Jeffress, Andrew J. Coleman, Joel B. Crowder, Francis Becker, *Directors.*

The next meeting of the Society will be the second Saturday in February.

A good spirit seems to pervade the farmers of Franklin County, and we hope to witness very beneficial results from the operations of this Society.

Objections to the Osage Orange.

We have ever been conservative on the subject of the use of this plant for a hedge; and, while we have hoped that it might be the good fortune of the farmer to find it a good substitute for the usual fence, we have all along cautioned them to *try* it before venturing largely upon its growth. To our mind there were several circumstances connected with its growth and treatment which might be found upon trial to render it unfit for any general cultivation. Experience has shown that many of these supposed objections do not exist, and that others only appear in a modified form, and the united testimony of many careful and observing farmers throughout the West, fully establishes its claims as a highly valuable material for all permanent fences. We were, therefore, not a little surprised to find in the *St. Louis Evening News*—a paper which we have been wont to look upon as a most zealous and able advocate of the farmers' interests—a lengthy article on this subject, abounding in random assertions, erroneous conclusions, and indiscriminate denunciations. We purpose to dissect this article, for the sake of getting at the truth, and not for the honor of having a tilt with our much esteemed cotemporary.

OSAGE ORANGE FOR HEDGING.—This we look upon as one among the thousand humbugs of the age. A greater deception was never practiced upon the farming interest of the West. We are told that a fence of one mile in length only costs fifty dollars for the plants, but it requires about four years before said fence is fit to protect the inclosure from the perambulations and depredations of a *goslin*.

Every man has a right to regard the Osage Orange as a humbug if he thinks it is such, but that a great deception has been practiced upon the farming interest is we think a great mistake: and our reason for thinking so is this—that we have never yet seen a farmer who has tried its cultivation—and we presume our intercourse with the farming community is equal at least, with this writer's—who so regarded it; on the contrary those who have planted the most of it are best pleased with it. Had he inquired of those who know he would have learned that 'a fence of one mile in length only costs a little more than one-half

the sum he names for the plants! and that instead of it requiring 'about four years before said fence is fit to protect the inclosure from the perambulations and depredations of a *goslin*,' there are many hedges less than three years old which would prove most effective barriers to his 'perambulations and depredations!'

We know a number of farmers who have spent hundreds of dollars, and planted miles of the Osage Orange, and their pastures, fields for corn and wheat, are about as unprotected as if no such thing existed.

Who are they? Where are they? and when was their hedge planted? If we mistake not it is only about five years since the plant began to be talked of for hedging, and about the oldest hedge we know of in this vicinity is that about Professor Turner's lots at Jacksonville; and that is not five years old yet. It is however a perfect protection against all predatory creatures, from the horse, mule, hog, to chickens and goslins; and more than that protects in perfect safety his choice fruits from the nocturnal visits of the thieving boys and men, who, while his orchard and garden were enclosed with the ordinary fence, used always to carry off the best portions.

It is idle to talk of hedging without ditching, the two go together throughout the old world, and when was it discovered they were inseparable in the new?

Sure enough, when was the discovery made? We can't tell, but we can tell when it was discovered that they were separable—when it was discovered that the peculiar qualities of the *Maclura* were such that no animal would willingly go near it, or taste its foliage. We take no issue with writer about the cost of ditching, therefore, but pass on to another strange idea, that

Stock in a new country require stronger and higher enclosures than in the old and more domesticated parts of the world. Here a horse or an ox will leap an obstruction from five to seven feet in height, and pigs and geese will go through a hedge 'that pigs and geese never went through before.'

Wouldn't it be well then to import a stock of horses that won't leap, and of pigs and geese (our writer is very familiar with geese) that won't do such naughty things? Where shall we get them?

The Osage Orange, and other kindred plants are recommended on account of their small cost and great saving in prairie, and districts where timber is scarce. Let any prairie farmer make the trial, 'hedging without ditching,' and see where he is at the end of four years. Let him count the cost, first of the plants, then of setting them out, cultivation for four or five years, trimming, training, pruning, &c., and see if at the end of the time a good substantial oak, hickory or cedar fence would not be cheaper and more serviceable at the cost of even ten dollars per thousand for rails.

The writer here shows his ignorance of the subject he writes about by speaking of 'ten dollars per thousand'—as the maximum price for rails, when it is in fact about the lowest price for which they can be purchased in the most densely timbered regions. Ten dollars a thousand! why, that will not pay for splitting them out and hauling them two miles.

We remember once to have seen a cedar fence twenty-five years in existence, and at that time it was far preferable to any Osage Orange or White Hawthorn hedge we ever saw.

Which abundantly proves what we all along suspected that he never saw a mature hedge; but had he taken the trouble to go three miles from the *News* office on the Gravois road he could have seen an Osage Orange hedge far superior to any ordinary cedar fence.

In many parts of the world hedging and ditching constitute the only safeguard to thousands of acres of highly cultivated lands. But where, in this country, is the system extensively adopted? Not in New England, the oldest part of the Union, and where timber of every sort is worth almost its weight in gold.

Is it, indeed? Pray how much more than 'ten dollars per thousand' is gold worth there. We had the impression that in many parts of New England there was a superabundance instead of a deficiency of timber, and that more over they used stone there considerably in the erection of permanent fences. *Perhaps* we are mistaken.

How much hedging and ditching does one see in Vermont, New Hampshire, or Massachusetts? What proportion does hedging bare [bare?] to the otherwise enclosed fields of New York, Pennsylvania, or Ohio? In Kentucky and Tennessee, the largest corn growing States of this Union, the thing is unknown or at least tried.

The fact is the Osage Orange has been of recent introduction. It is only within the last five years that its merits have been known or appreciated, and it is not to be expected that it can at this time be found to have taken the place of other substitutes in the already enclosed fields of the old States. Besides it is not contended that the plant is adapted for cultivation as far north as New York or New England, and we know there are thousands of miles of this hedge growing in Ohio and that there is also considerable quantities in Kentucky and Tennessee.

Here stock of every kind is suffered to run at large, and the chief objects in fencing is to prevent their depredations on the growing or matured crops of grass, grain or vegetables. In the old world stock, particularly horses, cattle, hogs, &c., are regularly housed, and hence it matters but little whether they are surrounded by hedge and ditch, stone, peete, or what not.

Who or what are surrounded?

We know that in the most sparsely timbered sections of the west, good substantial oak fencing can be made at the rate of \$150 per mile. Hedge plants cost at the lowest estimate one-third of this sum, and we doubt very much if the latter won't require as much or more annually in labor and other outlay to keep them in repair. Such at least has been the experience of many farmers in Missouri and Illinois, since the system of hedging was first proposed.

One hundred and fifty dollars per mile is about forty-six cents a rod. Won't the farmers 'in the most sparsely timbered sections in the West,' be glad to hear that the Editor of the *News* is ready to construct good substantial fences for them at the rate of forty-six cents a rod, when they have hitherto been paying at least fifty per cent. more than that for the mere materials for making such fence, to say nothing of the labor of putting it up? Hedge plants do not cost at least one third as much as oak fencing in such localities, and we doubt very much if the labor and outlay necessary to keep a hedge in repair will amount to more than the interest on the difference between the hedge and the oak fence.

Since writing the above we have received a communication containing some statements and suggestions well worthy the attention of our readers, and at direct issue with the as-

sertion of the writer in the News. We wish to have the subject fairly discussed, and we hereby invite all persons who are interested in the question to correspond for our paper on this subject.

For the Valley Farmer.

Farmers, look to your interests! Do you ask in what respect? I answer in respect to your fencing. A majority of the farmers of this State haul their rails from three to ten miles, and some even fifteen miles, and the rails when delivered upon the ground where the fence is to be made, will cost from four to six dollars per hundred, and that will bring your fence from eighty cents to one dollar and twenty cents per rod. The next thing that the farmer thinks of is a plank fence; and if you count the cost of that it will not fall far if any short of the rails. The difference is that the rails require more labor from man and beast, and more exposure to the inclemency of the weather, and therefore are likely to bring upon you severe colds, lung fevers, rheumatisms, and other complaints, that often become chronic, and perhaps fatal. The plank fence can be made in the spring and fall, but drains your pockets largely.

The remedy which I shall here prescribe for this almost incurable disease is this: The writer of this has a large nursery of Osage Orange plants for Hedging that he will send next spring to any orders that he may receive from any part of the Union. These plants if right-ly cultivated will, in three or four years, make a complete barrier to man and beast. But we are told, 'I have not much faith in these plants. I want to see the fence and then I will buy some of your plants, and make a fence round my whole farm.' This is very poor logic, you will never see any hedge or any thing else unless you make an effort. America would never have been discovered if some had not set the ball in motion, and this whole continent would have been a barren waste for the savage wild man, and the buffalo and other wild beasts to roam over. The California gold mines would never have been discovered if some one had not sought his fortune somewhere else besides staying at home and doing just like daddy did—carry a stone in one end of the bag and the corn in the other. Let every man say that he

will do something for his country. Let him send an order to G. G. Holmes and R. B. Foster, and Waverly, Ill., for one or two thousand Osage Orange plants of the best quality, (we have no others) and set them out by the side of the road the next spring and try them, and by next fall or winter he can tell if they make a fence. If satisfied that they will make a fence, then let him buy more to complete his fence. That is the right way to do business—begin at the bottom of the stairs and climb up. We only want the farmers to go as far as they feel they can go safely. It is the little roots that keep the tree alive. Do you ask how much the plants will cost per rod? Ten cents will furnish plants enough to set one rod, delivered at your nearest landing, and all warranted to grow. If any fail, if treated according to directions, we will furnish enough to fill out the vacancies the next spring free of cost.

I wish the readers of this journal to look to their interests in this respect, it will increase the value of your farm more than ten times the cost of the plants. Besides, every wind will not blow them down and the cattle, horses, hogs and mules will not interrupt the crops. Some persons have raised the hue and cry and that they will spread all over creation. That is a mistake, I have been in Texas, where the plant grows wild and I have never seen or heard of any sprouts, even under the tree where the seed falls. So I can say that it is all humbug in that respect. I know of a tree in this State that has been standing in a plowed field seven years and there is no sprouts under it nor will they sprout.

If any one or more of the readers of this journal wish any of our plants, or will act as agent for us, they will please drop a few lines to us and prompt attention will be given, or any further information upon the subject.

G. G. HOLMES.

Waverly, Ill. Nov. 1852.

Butter.

The high price and scarcity of this necessary article in the eastern markets has caused some of the principal growers in New York city to make importations from Ireland; and the fact presents a theme for reflection to all our farmers. The price paid for butter was stated

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to have been 80¢. the hundred in Cork, or 84¢ in Liverpool—equal to 20 and 21 cents per pound. Various causes are assigned for the unusual scarcity. It is attributed to the droughth which prevailed in New England and New York the past summer, but this could have had but a trifling influence in producing the present condition of things; for there have been many seasons when the droughts has been as great as this, and yet no such results were witnessed. It is said, also, that large exportations have been made from the eastern ports to California, and that buyers for this purpose are constantly in the market. But how is it with us out here in the West, where we have no excessive droughth, and from where we send no butter either to the East or to California? Not only is butter nearly as high here as in New York City, but good butter is extremely scarce, and it is a matter of interest to find out why it is so. We have an answer to the question, which has not been alluded to by any of our cotemporaries, but which explains this, and also tells us why it is that stock of all kinds is so high and in such demand. It is that our part of the country—the west, particularly Illinois, Missouri and Iowa,—had been drained of its best cows to drive across the plains to California. In our journeying among the farmers the past summer, we found many farmers who had formerly milked ten to twenty cows, whose stock had been reduced to two or three, having sold all their best cows to the Californians. We have no data by which to tell the numbers thus driven from the country, but it is enough to make a very considerable per centage on all the milk cows of the forementioned States, and this taking off the cows of the country has a more lasting effect upon the stock of the country than the taking away of any other description of animal, because you cast off the supply.

We know of no kind of business connected with the farm that promises better returns than the manufacture of butter and cheese. Some of our city cotemporaries have uttered bitter complaints against the *hucksters*, who they suppose are the cause of the high prices which the inhabitants of the cities have to pay for these articles. One asserts that these men

purchase of the farmers for low prices and then sell at exorbitant rates. There may be some cause for this complaint, but we judge the farmers generally obtain at least a fair price for their articles. We know that many farmers do get the highest market price, and that all who make a good article may get it if they pursue the right course.

We find in the *Boston Cultivator* the following significant remark in relation to Western butter. As to what he says about quality we haven't a word to say, but we think he is mistaken about the quantity, for to our shame be it said we do not out here in the West make enough of any quality for our own use, and at the door of almost every grocery in our city may be seen placards announcing that 'Coshen Butter,' 'Western Reserve Butter,' or 'Ohio Butter,' is for sale within:

It may seem, at first, that the deficiency could be supplied from the Western States, and this might be done, probably, as to quantity, but unfortunately, such is the ignorance or carelessness of many western butter makers that most of the butter they send to the eastern cities is only *grease*.

COOPER COUNTY.

At the adjourned meeting of the Cooper county Agricultural Society, held on the 1st inst., Jordon O'Bryan was elected President, James Quarles and N. Leonard, Vice Presidents, B. C. Clark, Secretary, Wm. H. Trigg, Treasurer; and Chas. McCormick, J. H. Hutchinson, A. S. Walker, Conrad Harness, R. T. Jacobs, H. S. Myers, John R. French, Jas. H. Baker, Stephen Conrad and J. Combs, Directors. The first annual meeting is to be held on the 1st Saturday in May, 1853, in Boonville.

We are truly glad to see the citizens of Cooper county awakening to their true interests, and we shall take occasion when we have more leisure, to speak of this subject in such manner as its importance deserves.—*Boonville Observer*.

BOONE COUNTY.

We copy from the following account of the proceedings of this flourishing Society. We rejoice in their prosperity, and also in the fact that they have taken steps to have the subject of a State Society brought in a tangible form before the Legislature:

At a meeting of the Boone county Agricultural and Mechanical Association held on

Saturday the 13th inst., (Maj. James S. Rollins, President, in the chair, and W. F. Switzler, Secretary,) it was on motion of D. H. Hickman, Esq.,

Resolved, That —, be and are hereby appointed a committee with authority and power to select and purchase a lot of ground, not exceeding ten acres, in the vicinity of Columbia, to be held as the property of the 'Boone County Agricultural and Mechanical Society;' and that said committee be further authorized and directed by this Society, to have such ground properly improved for the next annual exhibition.

(The blank in the above resolution was filled with the names of Alfred C. Wilson, James I. Hickman and John H. McNeil.)

Mr. D. H. Hickman offered the following as the form of subscription by which to raise the funds required to buy and improve the lot of ground mentioned, which was adopted:

Whereas, the Boone County Agricultural and Mechanical Society have this day appointed A. C. Wilson, J. I. Hickman and J. H. McNeil, a committee to select, purchase, and improve a lot of ground for the next annual exhibition of said Society, we, the undersigned hereby agree, and bind ourselves to advance to the Society fifty dollars each, upon the demand of said committee, for the above mentioned purposes, with the understanding that each individual subscribing, be credited annually with the sum due for his membership, and whenever the funds of the society will admit, the Board of Directors shall in their discretion, pay all such subscribers, until the amount of subscription be refunded, and that the title to said lot, vest and remain in said subscribers, until the purchase money be refunded to them, and afterwards to become the absolute property of the Society.

On motion of Mr. Jesse A. Boulton, it was voted that said committee circulate the above subscriptions for signatures, and report the result to a meeting of the Society to be held on Saturday, January 8th, 1853.

W. F. Switzler offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That —, be appointed a committee to prepare a charter for the organization of a State Agricultural Society, the first Fair of which, at least, to be fixed at this place: Also, that said committee prepare a suitable charter for our county Society; each charter, when prepared, to be laid before the next Legislature for adoption.

(The blank in the resolution was filled with the following names: W. F. Switzler, G. C. Swallow and J. S. Rollins.)

Adjourned to Saturday, Jan. 8, 1853.

J. S. ROLLINS, Pres't.

W. F. SWITZLER, Sec'y.

Salting Pork.

It is important to have the pork well cooled before salting. And it should not remain unsalted very long after cooling. It should never be allowed to freeze. It should always have a great supply of salt, and of the strongest quality, and brine should be made and poured into the barrel. For if nothing but water is put in with the salt, the pork may be injured before the salt is melted enough to make good brine.

The meat should have a weight upon it, to keep it under the brine, for if pieces of meat are permitted to rise above the brine, and remain there for any considerable time, they will be tainted, and will not taste sweet as well salted meat always will. A wooden cover is often used to keep the meat under the brine, but a stone cover is better. A hole may be drilled in a stone cover, and a handle inserted at a very small cost.

In regard to the scum that our correspondent speaks of, we say that standing pools of water, either salt or fresh, will have a scum on them. *Agitation* is the remedy which nature provides. The ocean is agitated to keep it pure, and agitation, coupled with salt, is effectual. Ponds have impure water—and why? Ponds of small dimensions are not agitated enough. As a general rule, the larger the pond or lake, the purer will be the water, and more free from scum. Running brooks have purer water than ponds have, because in running, the water mingles with the atmosphere the grand purifier of all things.

Motion, in streams of water, brings all the foul or rily matter in contact with other matter on the bank that has an affinity for it—so that a long brook may run itself pure though it may have been affected with filthy matter near its source. Agitation of the pork barrel daily, will have, the effect of preventing the accumulation of scum on the surface—but if this is not convenient, the white surface may be skimmed off as often as it rises.

It is quite important to every family to have good salt pork. It is the very cheapest meat that we can procure—and for cooking vegetables it is the best that is used. It needs no butter to enrich it—but enriches all with which it comes in contact. Farmers should not fail to have a supply of pork in the cellar. Then, if the butcher forgets to come, there will be something for dinner.—*Farmer.*

MURRAIN---PREVENTIVE---Mix ashes with salt for cattle whenever there is danger from this fatal disease. Use but a small quantity of ashes at first, or they will refuse the mixture. One or two teaspoonfuls of saltpetre every week, is also good, and a tablespoonful three times a day for several days, will cure an animal.—*The Plow.*

Mr. Webster on Agriculture.

A forthcoming volume is announced entitled 'The Private Life of Daniel Webster, by C. Lanman.' The following, taken from the proof-sheets of that work, shows the great interest Mr. Webster took in agriculture, and contains besides some sound ideas on that subject. It is from a letter dated Washington, March 13, 1852, directed to John Taylor, the overseer of his farm at Franklin, N.H. :—

'I am glad to hear from you again, and to learn that you are well, and that your teams and tools are ready for Spring's work, whenever the weather will allow you to begin. I sometimes read books on farming; and I remember that a very sensible old author advises farmers 'to plough naked and to sow naked.' By this he means that there is no use in beginning Spring's work till the weather is warm, that a farmer may throw aside his Winter clothes and roll up his sleeves. Yet he says we ought to begin as early in the year as possible. He wrote some very pretty verses on this subject, which, as far as I remember ran thus:

'While yet the Spring is young, while earth unbinds
The frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams yet new from precipices run—
E'en in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer;
And goad him till he smoke beneath his toil,
And the bright share is buried in the soil.'

'John Taylor, when you read these lines, do you not see the snow melting, and the little streams beginning to run down the slopes of your Punch-brook pasture, and the new grass starting and growing in the trickling water, all green, bright, and beautiful? And do you not see your Durham oxen smoking from heat and perspiration as they draw along your great breaking-up plough, cutting and turning over the tough sward in your meadow in the great field? The name of this sensible author is Virgil; and he gives farmers much other advice, some of which you have been following all this Winter without even knowing that he had given it,

'But when cold weather; heavy snow and rain,
The laboring farmer in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work, with timely care,
Which else is huddled when the skies are fair;
Then let him mark the sheep, and whet the
shining share,
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His sacks, or measure his increasing store;
Or sharpen stakes, and mend each rake and
fork,

So to be ready in good time to work—

Visit his crowded barns at early morn,
Look to his granary, and shell his corn;
Give a good breakfast to his numerous kine,
His shivering poultry and his fattening swine.'

And Mr. Virgil says some other things which you understand up at Franklin as well as ever he did:

'In chilling Winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships and recruit for more;
The farmer to full feasts invites his friends,
And what he got with pains with pleasure
spends;

Draws chairs around the fair, and tells once
more,

Stories which often have been told before,
Spreads a clean table, with things good to eat;
And adds some moistening to his fruit and
meat;

They praise his hospitality, and feel
They'll sleep much better after such a meal.'

The sum of this is, be ready for your Spring's work as soon as the weather becomes warm enough, and then put your hand to the plow and look not back.'

The following is from a letter dated Washington, March 17, 1852, directed to the same individual:—

Whatever ground you sow or plant, see that it is in good condition. We want no pennyroyal crops. 'A little farm well tilled,' is to a farmer the next best thing to 'a little wife well willed.' Cultivate your garden. Be sure to produce sufficient quantities of useful vegetables. A man may half support his family from a good garden. Take care to keep my mother's garden in good order, even if it cost you the wages of a man to take care of it. I have sent you many garden seeds. Distribute them among your neighbors. Send them to the stores in the village, that every body may have a part of them without cost.

Give my kindest remembrance to your wife and children; and when you look from your eastern windows upon the graves of my family, remember that he who is the author of this letter must soon follow them to another world.'

Cows.—A sufficient number of cows can be kept with profit on all farms at the West to supply the family with milk and butter. If they are profitable beyond this it will depend on the farm being adapted to the dairy business, the judgment of the farmer in selecting useful cows, and in attending personally to the feeding and milking, as the last milk which is drawn from the udder will yield the most cream, and if a little is left in it will slowly dry the cow. Much depends on the female members of the family if they can make an article of butter and cheese which will bring the highest price in the market.

Osage Orange.

HEDGES ON RAILWAYS.

In the *Prairie Farmer*, for August, it is stated upon the authority of Messrs. Foster & Holmes, of Waverly, Ill., that 30 to 40 bushels of seed were planted in that vicinity this season, and that it has generally germinated well. So look out for plenty of plants, and don't fail to want them all; we have a great county to fence in, and there's nothing like the *Maclura*, depend upon it.

In the same issue of that journal is a letter to Messrs. Overman, of Canton, Ill., from our worthy fellow-citizen, one of the pioneers in hedging. In its tenor it very much resembles an excellent practical article with which the writer favored the readers of this work a few months since. Indeed, whatever Mr. Neff write will be read with interest. Having frequently seen a portion of his mulched hedge, I can speak favorably of the plan as applicable where the plow and cultivator cannot be used to advantage, though I should much prefer stirring the soil where that is practicable.

One long line of hedge in a pasture next the railroad, was cut down and mulched last spring, and then slightly protected from the stock by poles laid in forks over the line of the hedge; it has sprouted up strong and vigorous, but not nearly so much so as if it had been cultivated—in which case it would have borne a severe cutting-back in June, and be now much thickened.

Nearer the city, about Morrow, there are some long stretches of young hedge, planted by the Railroad Company, I believe, at the suggestion, probably, of the very intelligent and worthy superintendent, Mr. Clement, who is quite a cultivator of choice fruits at the village of Morrow. This is an admirable idea which should be copied generally. These lines were planted by Mr. Overman above mentioned; and I observe with regret that they were set too closely. Indeed, it is almost impossible to persuade planters to give this sturdy shrub sufficient space to develop its best characters. Within certain limits, this can never occur, and a great risk is incurred that a portion of the plants will be choked out by crowding. Never set the shrubs nearer than one foot apart, and better two feet than six inches.

I am sorry to find the editor of the *Indiana Farmer* still urging farmers to set their hedges *more closely*, since I firmly believe that it is one of the greatest mistakes that can be made and will cause more disappointment in the result than any other error which could be committed.

On the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, also, I was happy to see a portion of hedging; and should be glad to observe more and more beside the iron ways.—*Western Hort. Rev.*

Dickens and Flowers.

Mr. Charles Dickens has been discoursing very eloquently about flowers, at the ninth anniversary of the Gardener's Royal Benevolent Institution. We give a short extract from his beautiful address:

'Gardening,' he said, 'was invariably connected with peace and happiness. Gardens are associated in our minds with all countries, all degrees of men, and all periods of time.— We know that painters, and sculptors, and statesmen, and men of war, and men who have agreed in nothing else, have agreed, in all ages, to delight in gardens. We know that the most ancient people of the earth had gardens; and that where nothing but heaps of sand are now found, and arid desolation now reigns, gardens once smiled, and the gorgeous blossoms of the East once shed their fragrance on races which would have long ago forgotten, but for the ruined temples, which, in those distant ages stood in the gardens. We know that the ancients wore crowns of flowers; and the laurel and the bay have stimulated many a noble heart to deeds of heroism and virtue. We know that in China, hundreds of acres of gardens float about the rivers; and, indeed, in all countries, gardening is the favorite recreation of the people. In this country, its love is deeply implanted in the breasts of everybody. We see the weaver striving for a pigmy garden on his housetop; we see the poor man wrestling with the smoke for his little bower of scarlet runners; we know how very many who have no scrap of land to call their own, and never will have, until they lie their length in the ground, and have passed forever the portals of life, still cultivate their favorite flowers or shrubs in jugs, bottles or basins; we know that in factories and workshops we may find plants; and I have seen the poor prisoner, condemned to linger year after year within the narrow limits of his place of confinement, gardening in his cell. Of the exponents of a language so universal; of the patient followers of Nature in their efforts to produce the finest forms and the richest colors of her most lovely creations, which we enjoy alike at all times of life, and which, whether on the bosom of beauty or the breast of old age, are alike beautiful, surely it is not too much to say that such men have a hold upon our remembrance, when they themselves need comfort.'

EMIGRATION TO ILLINOIS.—The tide of emigration is now setting strongly toward our fertile and beautiful Prairie State. Not a day passes but what numbers of families from Kentucky, Tennessee, and other adjacent States cross the Ohio at this point, seeking a home for themselves and children upon the rich soil

of Southern Illinois. Illinois—the young giant of commonwealths, with all her commercial facilities—her congenial climate—her unbounded mineral resources, and her luxuriant soil—her towering forests, and her wide spreading and magnificent prairies—teeming with all that is useful and beautiful in nature,—is destined ere the lapse of many decades, to become the abode of millions of enterprising and thriving citizens, and take the rank as one of the first, if not the very first State in the confederacy, and become to the West what New York is to the East—the Empire State.—*Shawneetown Argus.*

Speculation.

The high prices already attained for many of the staple articles of produce and merchandise, should induce those who are accustomed to operate in them, to pause and reflect well before they go further.

Hogs are now quoted in the Cincinnati market at \$6, only a fraction below the price paid for them in 1845, and higher, by two or three cents per pound average, than has been paid for them, for the last ten years.

But a few years ago the general testimony was, that throughout the hog raising regions, the quantity would exceed that of last year, and on account of the abundant crop of corn in the West and South-west, the average weight would be larger, and yet we find, by the quotations to day, that a rise of full 15 per cent. has taken place in the Cincinnati market within a few weeks.

The crop of wheat, too, is larger and finer than it has been the past eight years, and without an extraordinary demand from Europe the coming spring, the surplus on our hands the next year, must be very large. The truth is, the great abundance of money is inducing a speculative feeling throughout the country, in nearly all the leading staples, and without great caution many will be ruined.

TO MAKE SOURKROUT.—Select good, solid heads of the cabbage and cut them into shreds, (a knife made for the purpose set in a board saves much labor,) put the cabbage into a clean, tight barrel, in layers 6 and eight inches in depth, and pound each layer till the juice is quite visible as the pounder is raised, adding a couple of handfuls of salt to each layer—or at the rate of two quarts of salt to a barrel of kroust. In this way proceed till the barrel is full, or contains as much as is desired, taking care that it is pounded so as to fill all the interstices with the juice, then make a cover just to fit in side the barrel, and put a heavy stone, say fifty pounds weight on this cover to keep it pressed down and exclude the air. Let it stand in a cool place till the fermentation is over, then it is fit for use.

Artificial Stone.

A gentleman named Owen Williams, of England, has just taken out a patent for the manufacture of *artificial stone*, which will be of immense value to builders and others on this side of the Atlantic. The following, says an English paper, are the ingredients used in preparing it: 180 lbs. pitch, 4 1-2 gals. dead oil or creosote, 18 lbs. rosin, 15 lbs. sulphur, 45 lbs. finely powdered lime, 130 lbs. gypsum, 25 cubic feet of sand, breeze scoria, bricks, stone, or other hard materials broken to pieces and passed through a half-inch sieve. The sulphur is first melted with about thirty lbs. of the pitch, after which the rosin is added, and then the remainder of the pitch with the lime and gypsum, which are introduced by degrees and well stirred, and the mixture brought to boil. The sand, or broken earthy or stony material is then added, and the whole mass well stirred, after which the dead oil is in a fit state to be moulded into blocks. In order to consolidate the blocks, pressure is applied to them in the moulds. The patentee gives also the proportions of the above materials to be used as a composition for laying pavements, as a cement for uniting to each other blocks of the first named composition when used for building purposes, and as a coating for bridges, the roofs of buildings, &c. The artificial stone hardens in about a week, when it becomes as stubborn as granite. The composition is not only very durable, but a very cheap one, it costing less to erect buildings out of this material than from the commonest kind of brick. A roadway plastered with this material, becomes a smooth and solid flooring of rock in about ten days.

The last Severe Winter.

ITS EFFECTS UPON VEGETATION.—The following is extracted from an article in the last number of the New England Farmer:

Reports from various parts of the country establish the fact that the severe cold of the last winter has proved destructive to many trees and plants. When we say the severe cold we do not mean to declare that it was the intensity of the cold in itself that has proved so fatal, for that we do not pretend to know. The question still remains an open one, and demands the careful investigation of those best able to settle it.

Is it the intensity of the cold that has killed the trees and plants?

It is said that the tree becomes frozen so hard that the sap vessels are burst, and that causes its death. There are not many winters in New England but that the trees are all frozen so solid that logs of them may be split almost with a single blow of an axe from an athletic arm. But this does not seem to have been a sufficient condensation of cold to injure

trees, or we should have lost them all. If they could not withstand this degree of freezing, they would soon become extinct. They not only withstand the lowest temperature that occurs in this latitude, say from sixteen to twenty degrees below zero, as the lowest point, but in the neighborhood of the arctic regions they live and grow to an enormous size.

Sr John Franklin (whose sad fate is universally lamented) in his overland expedition to those regions, between the years 1823 and '27 wintered where the strongest brandy froze solid in a few minutes upon exposure, and the ink with which he was writing frequently froze upon his pen, although using it immediately before a huge fire of logs; and yet in a climate giving this intense, long protracted and appalling cold, he gives an account of trees growing there whose circumference is larger than any we have heard of elsewhere. The trees, according to his statement, attain a height of from twenty to nearly sixty feet in circumference.

A NEW FEATURE.—In describing the Vermont State Fair, the Albany Cultivator says that on Thursday, the famous Black Hawk rode by Mr. David Hill, as vigorous and active as ever, fifty or more of his colts, many of which compare favorably with their sire, and the Green Mountain Morgan, rode by Mr. Silas Hale, also supported by a numerous progeny, and other animals of the same breed, passed in procession twice round the course, forming the most splendid display of horses ever witnessed in this country. On the afternoon of Friday, the Fair was closed by the ceremony of crowning Black Hawk and the Green Mountain Morgan with wreaths of flowers which had been provided by the ladies. The animals wore their prizes with becoming dignity and pride, and as they moved off with their honors, the air rung with cheers for the two best horses in the world.—*Louisville Courier.*

Fowl Speculations.

A Hen Convention was to be held in Cincinnati on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week, under the auspices of the Western Poultry Society. Their first exhibition was given last November, and a second in May last, exciting no little interest among hen-fanciers. Our readers may not all be aware of the deep interest in Chittagongs, Cochins and Shanghais—glorious big new breeds of fowls—which has sprung up among barn-yard and coop dilettanti within a year or two.

An exchange informs us that the fowl fever is not confined to any particular section of the Old or New World—to the East or West. It is most rapidly speeding in the West we should judge from reports of State and county fairs,

for we note that fowls of improved breeds form a prominent feature at them all. That it has by no means abated at the East, the following paragraph from the New England Cultivator pretty conclusively proves:

At the late Boston Fowl exhibition, in September, three Cochins were sold at \$100; a pair of gray Chittagongs at \$50; two Canton Chinese fowls at \$80; three gray Shanghais chicks at \$75; three white Shanghais at \$64; six white Shanghais chickens at \$40 to \$45, &c., and these prices, for similar samples, could now be obtained, again and again.

Within three months extra samples of two years old fowls, of the large Chinese varieties, have been sold for \$100 the pair. Several pairs within our knowledge have commanded \$50 a pair, within the past six months. Last week we saw a trio of white Shanghais sold in Boston at \$45. And the best specimens of Shanghais and Cochins fowls, now bring \$20 a pair readily to purchasers at the South and West.

These prices do not equal, however, the sums which have recently been obtained in England for fancy fowls. The Cottage Gardener says:

Within the last few weeks a gentleman near London has sold a pair of Cochins fowls for thirty guineas, \$150, and another pair for 32 guineas, \$160. He has been offered £20 for a single hen; has sold numerous eggs for one guinea, \$5, each, and has been paid down for chickens just hatched, twelve guineas, \$60, the half dozen to be delivered a month old. One amateur alone has paid upward of £100 for stock birds.

All this may look silly and extravagant to persons not in any manner afflicted with the henomania, but the fact is that the operations of these chicken folks are destined to drive out the whole race of common domestic poultry, and introduce in their stead birds of a vastly better and more profitable variety.

The Albany Register says the hen fever pervades that community to an extent little dreamed of by most people, and adds:

Staid and quiet citizens, who appear regularly on 'Change and at their customary places of business every day, are engaged in this business, and can boast of their 'henneries,' well stocked with Shanghais, Cochins, Chittagongs, Game, Bantams, &c., &c., and descendant to you with enthusiasm, and even with a rapture that will move them to a swimming of the eyes, of stalwart cocks and pullets of less than half a year's growth, that rejoice in a weight of from seven to nine pounds! In this city and immediate vicinity, thousands of dollars are invested in the 'fowl business.'—*St. Louis Intelligencer.*

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From the Southern (Va.) Planter.

Rotation of Crops.

New Views of the Theory and Laws of Rotation of Crops and their practical application.

BY EDMUND RUFFIN.

—As the difference between good and bad farmers depends more on this point than any other, so the difference between well and ill cultivated countries is almost wholly resolvable into the effects derived from the rotation of crops.
—[Arthur Young's Agricultural Travels in France.

Further—the succession of different crops of the same great tribe or family, is also injurious, and for like reasons, though less so than the repetition of the same crop. Wheat, oats, rye, and barley, are all nearly allied, and of like general habits and wants, and their culture presents like conditions of the land.—Hence we may well suppose that all these crops are subject to some or perhaps to many of the same kinds of depredating insects. Numerous other plants, with these, belong to the same great family of plants, termed by botanists *graminæ*, or the ‘true grasses.’ This family includes Indian corn, and all the other cultivated grain-bearing plants, (cereals,) and most of our common grasses, as herds grass, timothy, crab-grass, fox-tail, blue grass, green-sward, broom-grass, cheat darnell, &c.; but not the clovers, which belong to the leguminous or pod-bearing tribe. Now as there are some characteristics common to all the different plants of this numerous tribe, it is probable that some depredating insects are also common to all. Hence a succession of different and even very unlike plants of this one great family would still expose the succeeding crop to depredators bred and nourished by the preceding crop. Thus, wheat, following Indian corn, (notwithstanding the cleansing tillage of the corn,) and even as following the crab-grass and fox-tail, which are ordinary late weeds among corn, must suffer in this manner—though in less degree than if following more closely allied grain crops.

Again: The condition attending the growth or manner of culture of particular crops also serve to encourage the growth and increase of weeds. Thus, during the whole life of wheat and other cereals sown broadcast, or not tilled, the weeds are not disturbed, and all that have seeds in the earth, or are sown with the seed of the designed crop, are in the most favorable condition to grow, mature, and cast seeds for another crop of weeds, with perhaps hundred-fold increase. This disadvantage is necessarily encountered with every sowing of wheat and other autumn sown cereals, especially as these give full time for all winter weeds to grow; and in a less degree, the like evil attends every other broadcast or untilled grain crop. Hence the necessity for alternating these untilled and weed encouraging crops,

with others which are tilled, and by their tillage serve to destroy every annual weed that springs, before it can form seeds. The greatest difficulty in all schemes of rotation for Britain has been the want of some tilled crop of large and general culture, which would enable the farmers by the tillage labors, once in the rotation to eradicate the hurtful weeds.—Their turnip and bean tillage serves this purpose for limited spaces only, which do not approach the wheat fields in extent. For the want of such a cleansing crop as we have in Indian corn, British farmers are compelled to resort to the laborious and expensive operation of naked summer fallow. This consists in giving a whole year of the field to its cleansing merely—in repeated plowings, harrowings, and land-pickings of root-weeds. Thus, at enormous expense of labor and rent of the idle field, it is effectually cleansed, and well prepared for the following crop of wheat. We have no need of this kind of summer fallow in this country. Yet it has been advocated by closet agricultural writers, and in some cases practised, in our totally different circumstances, in blind obedience to English authority. What we improperly call ‘summer fallow,’ is a totally different kind of operation. It is the turning under a cover of clover, or other vegetable growth, in August or September to serve as manure; and, usually, one ploughing only is given or required for the seed-bed, and all preparatory tillage, before harrowing in the seed of the following crop of wheat.

Upon the grounds here assumed and stated, I place the necessity for the rotation of crops. The changes are required mainly to check the continued increase of destructive insects, or animacules; and in a less, though still an important measure, to check the continued seeding and increase of the weeds most injurious to crops. If keeping the theory in view, it will not be difficult to establish principles and rules for practice in conformity with the theory; and to subject to a sure test the value of every scheme of rotation that has been practised, or may be devised. I will first submit the general and particular laws of rotation, which are strictly deduced from the theory here proposed and maintained.

The great and general law is that *the succession of every two consecutive crops in a rotation should be such as will make a thorough change of the kind and even of the family of the vegetable growth; and also, as much as may be, of the mechanical condition of the soil, and especially of its surface.* This thorough change of growth, and of condition, of the land, in the occurrence of every new crop, would be the most effectual means for as often destroying, greatly lessening, the then existing depredating insects, and preventing the growth or increase of injurious weeds. But the theo-

rotational perfection aimed at cannot often be attained, in practice—and ought to yield, in minor points, to considerations of convenience and profit. The greatest benefits to be expected from the rigid adherence at all times to the general law just stated would sometimes be obtained at too great cost. Therefore, with proper regard to general principles, but also with due regard to other important circumstances, and especially to the farmer's profit, I proceed to offer other more particular laws or rules, which should direct the choice and the manner of rotations.

1. Every scheme of rotation should be such as to offer the greatest regular, average and general profit to the farmer. Such profit necessarily includes the progressive improvement and fertilization of the soil, where needed—or the maintenance of sufficient fertility where that already exists—and also the avoiding of unnecessary (and unprofitable) expenses, in labors of tillage, or otherwise. And such profits will rarely be found in any exhausting course of cropping, no matter how greatly productive for the few first years. It is also necessary that the crops to be raised shall be such as are not unsuitable to the locality, soil, climate, consumption and markets. Hence, no particular rotation of crops will be suitable under very different conditions in any of these respects.

2. Each particular crop, or growth, in the rotation, should be beneficial in performing one or more of the following functions: 1st. By *cleansing* the land of insects or of weeds. 2d. By altering the texture and condition of the soil, and thereby preparing it the better for the growth of the next succeeding crop. 3d. By *manuring* and so enriching the land. 4th. Or *furnishing profit* in product for consumption or sale, fully remunerating all the costs of production and making a due portion of the farmer's general profits, or increase of both annual income and capital. By these four different operations of cleaning, altering condition of soil and preparing for the succeeding growth, manuring or producing profit, will be designated the result of the particular crops in the subsequent estimates of their value as parts of a rotation.

3. The place of each crop in a rotation should be so fixed, that its growth and culture shall the better prepare the field for the next succeeding crop. If this is not done, a very important design of rotation will be omitted. Still a greater error will be committed when the growth of any one crop the more unfits the land to produce the next succeeding crop.

4. Crops which are the most different in land, in their tillage and in the condition they place the soil, should alternate with each other. Thus, one tillage crop, (as corn, cotton, potatoes, turnips,) should not come in immediately

succession with another, but with some broadcast or untilled crop, or with grass. A tap-rooted growth, or one receiving deep tillage, or none, or of shallow growing or fibrous rooted plants. Thus the peculiar operation of every crop on the texture and condition of the soil may serve to benefit the next succeeding crop, which may be defective in that respect. Of course these different requisites would sometimes come in conflict, and cannot all be rigidly obeyed. But they should be kept in view, and attended to as nearly as may be most advantageous.

5. As the great benefit to be sought in every scheme of rotation is the effecting sudden and thorough changes, both of crop, or cover, and of condition of the soil, and for the purpose of destroying the insects which the continuance of frequent occurrence of one crop or one condition would aid to increase—it follows that the more extended the rotation, in time, and the number of different crops and conditions, the better for the object of starving or destroying the peculiar depredators on any one crop. Hence, if equally advantageous in other respects, rotation embracing many years, and many and very different crops, will better conform to the requisites of the theory of rotation, than any of fewer years and crops.

6. Another requisite of every rotation is that the land shall be always occupied, or as nearly as possible, with some growth, or be under some operation serving for future profit, manuring, cleansing, or preparing the field for future production. Every long intermission is so much loss of the action, productive power, or recuperative energy and action of the soil.

Any scheme of rotation which will conform generally to these rules will be good and profitable, though it may be far from the best possible. Any one in which these rules are mostly or generally violated, must necessarily be bad and unprofitable.

In the first settlement and earliest cultivation of new and fertile land, it may be justifiable to take even three or four of the same tilled crops in succession. The new settler may have no other choice either of land or of crop. And it may well be that the cleansing effect of such continued tillage, so much needed for new land, and the great value of the products, may compensate for any possible objections. But no amount of annual production can pay for such continued cropping, exhausting and without change of growth, being extended beyond the few first years succeeding the forest or natural state of the land; and still less for such culture being made a regular system so long as remunerating products can be so obtained. Yet such, or nearly as bad and exhausting, was the general practice for a long time in Virginia—as it still is on most of

the cotton lands of the new southern states.

In every case of the successful long continuation of one crop having been adduced to oppose the necessity of a change of growth, and the doctrine of rotation, the crop in question was some one requiring frequent and clean tillage, as tobacco, cotton, or corn. Now the tillage itself is a great and frequent change, serving at every recurrence to interrupt and check the growth of vegetable pests, and also of all insects which are sheltered or hatched in the earth. The long continuance of any broadcast crop would be stopped by the increase of weeds, if not by animal depredators. But even if the same crop could be produced repeatedly, and without any diminution except from the reduced fertility of the soil, it would be still a loss of the preparation for some other crop, which, in some way or other almost every one crop makes for some other different growth.

Passing without further notice this worst and most destructive of all systems of cultivation—either of one crop continued without any change, or at most the continual alteration of but two exhausting crops—I will subject to the test of the above rules some of the regular rotations now in use in lower Virginia, and each of which is approved and pursued by different farmers.

1. *The first and usual Three-Shift Rotation.*

The old three-shift rotation was the first that was substituted in the eastern half of Virginia for almost incessant cultivation. For a long time it was deemed an improving course—and still is adhered to, in some form, by most persons, who cannot be counted among either the best or worst cultivators. In its earliest and worst form, this rotation was as follows:

1st. year, corn.

2d year, wheat, (wherever the land could yield as much as three or four bushels to the acre,) or otherwise oats.

3d year, closely grazed by lean cattle.

The succession of wheat after corn, (which is almost universal in all existing rotations of this region,) is objectional, inasmuch as both plants are of the same family (*gramineæ*).—Therefore, I presume, it is that the product in wheat almost always falls much short of the productive power of the land, as shown after other preparations for wheat. On poor land, the previous tillage of corn serves indeed to prepare the land for the wheat, and renders the seeding process very easy. But this sole advantage is lost on rich land, or in a moist season. For then the growth of crab-grass on light land, and of fox-tail on stiff, following immediately after the close of the corn-tillage—together with the incumbrance of cornstalks to be removed and their stubble to be plowed under—make the seeding in wheat of corn

land more laborious than if without the crop of corn preceding.

The third year gives but a meagre cover of natural grass or weeds, which is nearly destroyed by the trampling, more than the grazing, of the lean cattle, with which the pasture is very generally over stocked—and therefore the land affords in its growth but little manuring for the next succeeding crop of corn; and indeed is rather more exhausted than recruited by this (so called) year of rest.

This rotation is faulty, and offends against the rules laid down, in every respect—except so far as giving more or less pecuniary returns and these continually decreasing, in the grain products.

[To be Continued.]

The Potato Disease.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1851, offered a prize of \$10,000 to any one who should satisfy the Governor and Council that, by a test of at least five successive years, he had discovered a sure remedy for the potato rot. Several communications have been received on the subject, which are published by the authority of the legislature, of which we publish the following summary by Hon. Amasa Walker, Secretary of State:

Although these communications may not furnish any perfect cure for the potato disease, yet they agree in so many important points, and offer so many valuable hints relating to the nature, cultivation, preservation, and improvement of the potato, that they cannot fail to be of great public utility. The similarity of views expressed by the most intelligent and experienced writers, relating to the nature, cultivation, disease, and cure of the potato, is truly remarkable, and we think auspicious. Among the principal points, relating to which there is a general concurrence, are the following:

Soundness and Vitality of the Seed.—Renewing the seed from the ball of healthy vigorous plants every few years, even resorting to the native place in South America, and taking the seed from the wild potato, is considered important. When potatoes are to be raised from the tuber, sound, healthy, whole potatoes are recommended for planting. Cutting potatoes is decidedly condemned. Anything which impairs the vitality of the seed increases the liability to disease.

Quality or kind of Soil.—A dry, light, loose, warm soil, is considered necessary to the soundness and health of the vegetable, as well as to its richness and flavor, the latter depending quite as much on the quality of soil as on the variety of seed. A wet, heavy, compact soil, directly promotes the disorder. Far upon the side of a mountain or hill is a favorable location for the growth of the potato;

and new land contains more of the qualities requisite for its nourishment and health, than old or worn out soils.

Influence of Atmosphere.—Potatoes should be as little exposed to the air as conveniently may be. Their natural place is under ground. By too much exposure they become poisoned, and turn green. Some recommended depositing them for the winter in holes under ground in a dry soil; or if kept in a cellar, to preserve them dry, in small quantities, in sand; and to keep them cool. Keeping large quantities in a body in a cellar is by some supposed to promote heat and putrefaction. Planting in the fall is recommended by some, as potatoes left in the field over winter, are observed to come forward earlier in the spring, to grow more vigorously, to get ripe earlier and before the blighting rains in August, and to be more sound, fair and healthy.

Manures.—All anti-putrescents, such as lime, wood-ashes, pulverized charcoal, plaster, salt, nitrogen, &c., are believed to contribute directly to the health of the potato, as well as to add to its richness and flavor; and, of course to prevent putrefaction and disease. Of other matters, well rotted compost is preferred. Stable manure is too strong and heating, and produces ill flavored, unhealthy potatoes, and is decidedly condemned.

Disease, Contagion, Old Age and Death.—These are common to vegetables as well as animals. All are liable to disease, some more some less, according to circumstances, predisposing cause, and preventive means. Some vegetable diseases are believed to be contagious. The present disease is thought by many to be of that class. One field of potatoes is liable to take the disorder from another field. Potatoes are predisposed to disease, by bad cultivation, old age, bad soil, bad manures, sudden changes of weather, warm rains, &c.

Ravages of Insects, Fungi, &c.—The best writers consider the ravages of insects as at most a predisposing cause, rendering the potato more liable disease by enfeebling the plant. By many writers insects are considered as remotely affecting the potato; by others, as having no effect at all.—The fungus on the potatoes is not the cause of the rot. It finds the potato previously diseased, a fit subject for its operation.

The general conclusions to which the facts presented in these communications seem to lead us, are:

1, That the disease has a striking resemblance to the cholera, and probably exists in the atmosphere.

2d. That it is doubtful whether any specific cure has been, or ever will be discovered; but

3d. As in cholera, certain preventives are

ascertained, by the application of which, the liabilities to disease may be greatly lessened.

4th. That by obtaining the soundest seed, by planting in the most favorable soils, and by using the most suitable manures, we may have a good degree of confidence in the successful cultivation of this useful vegetable.

5. That we may expect, that like the cholera, the potato rot will become less and less formidable from year to year, and eventually subside into a mild and manageable epidemic, if that term may be used in such a connection.

JERSEY CATTLE.—Some time since, we spoke of an importation of Jersey, or Alderney cattle, made last year by the Massachusetts Agricultural Society and various individuals. Others of the same breed have arrived within a few months. J. P. Cushing, Esq., Watertown, has received four cows, and Samuel Henshaw, Esq., Brookline, two.—Mr. H. had previously received three cows and two bulls. Most of the animals of the late importations which we have seen are fine. From the results obtained from those of this breed which have now been in the country over a year, we see no reason why the breed may not be adopted here with advantage, to a certain extent—so far at least, as cows are wanted for the town and city.—The extreme drouth of the past summer has been unfavorable to a fair test of these cows for milk and butter, and we have heard of only a few trials having been made.—We have lately been informed by the foreman of Mr. Mottley's farm, (Mr. M. was absent when we called,) that a six year old cow which calved in May last, made eight pounds of butter during the second week of October, and that a two year old heifer made seven pounds of butter in a week in June. Those are good yields. Mr. Mottley, it will be remembered, keeps the stock belonging to the State Society, and has several of his own of the same breed.

The first hhd of new tobacco received in this city this season was sold at the Planter's Warehouse, yesterday, at \$4 75 per 100 lbs. It was from Calaway county; and of a quality known as common leaf. The entire sales of tobacco at both warehouses in this city since the 1st of January, 1852, comprises 7649 hogsheds, near one hundred per cent. more than sold during the same time last year.—*St. Louis Intelligencer.*

A RADISH.—Mr. Charles Mitzel, of Codorous township, York county, Pa., has undertaken to perplex us a little with an agricultural specimen from that section of the country, which he calls a 'radish.' It measures 28 1-2 inches in length, 10 3-4 in circumference, and weighs 10 lbs. It would serve a moderate size family for a week.

Mr. Downing's Residence.

The last number of the *Home Journal*, has the following letter, dated 'Highland Terrace,' from one of its editors, N. P. WILLIS, to his associate, G. P. MORRIS. It will be read with interest by all Mr. D.'s friends:

DEAR MORRIS: I was not well enough to drive over to the sale of Mr. Downing's house and grounds, though I intended to have done so, and to have written to you of an event so full of melancholy interest. It brought together a large assemblage of persons of taste and refinement, I am told—more like a gathering to exchange regrets, however, as most of those present were already provided with such a home as was there to be disposed of. A leisurely sale, giving time for the chance want to arrive which it was best fitted to supply, would have been better timed, perhaps. The property sold for eighteen thousand dollars, considerably less than the estimate commonly put upon it. It was bought by Messrs. Ramsdell and Betts, two liberal and wealthy gentlemen of the neighborhood, who, I understand, propose to hold it till they can dispose of it to better advantage for the widow of their deceased friend. It is a kind world we live in, after all; and sweet the inheritance of good will which some men leave behind them unaware.

Full of enlarged love of the beautiful as was Downing's mind, he was by no means visionary. It was on the contrary, quite a passion with him, for the last two or three years, to contrive such economies and combinations, in architecture and modes of living, as should bring taste and refined comfort within reach of moderate means. He thought the millionaire sufficiently cared for. To embellish and dignify the homes of The Many, was the more recent study from which we should have heard most instructively had he lived. The various simple substitutes he had invented for such ornament as is necessary to taste in building, yet usually too expensive, are doubtless in the possession of his able professional partner, Mr. Vaux, and to him may well be referred those interested to know more of them. Of two only of his practical ideas—subjects of my own last conversation with him—I will endeavor to give some outline, hoping that there are those whom it will serve; though I succeed in recording but a hint of what he intended to convey.

We were speaking of the new facility which railroads afforded for living the year round, in the country, and of the difference of hospitality, in the city or out of it—the latter being a reception of friends for a longer time and with the addition of a bed. To have a house large enough for the friends one wishes

to entertain for *three months* of the year, is to have a house which, for *nine months* of the year, is much *too large*. Housewives complain of too many carpets and curtains, and (expense and trouble quite aside) rooms dismantled and uninhabited in the winter, are dismal to children and servants. A family should fill a house, as a man's frame should fill his coat—the spare pocket or the spare bed not interfering with the general fitness.

Downing thought it was not sufficiently remembered how completely the country summer rendered most city luxuries superfluous. In the smallest cottage there is room enough to dine, and the remaining hospitality which the city guest comes to the country to enjoy, is dispensed upon portico and lawn, in grove and garden. Grass is the carpet, sunset the curtains, starlight the frescoed ceiling, he will most admire. With his luxuries thus out of doors, his indoor comforts may be put into very small compass. A room large enough for a bed, a chair and a wash-stand, is, with its open window, as good as the state-chamber of a palace. A dozen such sleeping-rooms may be built at very little expense, and added to the house or grounds like a rear wing, or a bowling alley—the whole structure closed in the winter, and forming no apparent enlargement of the general scale of the building. A dozen friends might thus be entertained without interfering with the usual accommodations of the family, and the hospitality of "a cottage" might thus be quite as bounteous and agreeable as that of "a mansion." Downing I believe, had some definite plan by which this slightly built addition to the house should be (architecturally) disposed of, but I cannot distinctly recall it, and perhaps the hint is enough.

The other idea, which seemed to me very apt and practicable, was the supplying, at small expense, permanent city lodgings for the occasional use of residents in the country. The frequent errands to the town, for shopping, for pleasure, for business, or change of scene, require some better certainty of accommodation than the risk of crowded hotels, as well as more privacy and repose. It is inconvenient, also, to carry wardrobe and baggage to and fro, packing and unpacking, adding very materially to the laboriousness of the visit. The known home being in the country, this occasional city resort might be in any convenient yet unostentatious neighborhood, and a large number might be accommodated under one roof. Downing thought that a dozen or twenty families might combine to take a house, install a house-keeper in it, and furnish their separate lodgings—a house-keeper being also a cook, who could supply them with such simple meals as they might require. The house would thus be like a French lodging hotel, and the

yearly expense to each tenant, of one or more rooms, would be less than is incurred by occasional visits to the hotels. The idea seemed to me to combine economy, utility and comfort, and to be, moreover, a very timely one, with the present increasing taste for permanent homes in the country.

I will conclude my letter with the hope that some one will give us a memoir of Downing, to be published with his collected works, and to convey a reflex of the beautiful life he led, and the hand-in-hand progress of his taste and his common sense. They were well balanced, and they kept pace and enlarged and and brightened, to his dying day.

Yours etc., N. P. W.

From the New England Farmer.

Live and Learn.

BY SILAS BROWN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Though I have seen more than three-score years and ten, I have still a desire to see the progress and improvements which are yearly made and making in agriculture. The man who has no other measure than himself, to measure himself by, forms an erroneous opinion of himself, and to rectify his mistake it will be necessary for him to see what other people are about in the world. A man may suppose he has arrived nearly at perfection who never pays any attention to the progress that others are making around him. He that knows too much to gain instruction by reading or example is in a more hopeless condition than a very ignorant man who is sensible of his deficiencies. The above reflections occurred to my mind, lately, after making two or three little excursions, and seeing the improvements which are going on in the farming world.

I had frequently heard of the horticultural operations of the Messrs. Needhams, of Danvers, but the 'half had not been told me.'—Their fruit garden was an extensive one, on land descending moderately to the south, furnished with a great variety of trees of all sizes, from large ones burdened with a profusion of fruit, enough to tempt any of the descendants of grandmother Eve, down to little saplings of a few months growth; also with an extensive variety of fruit-bearing vines. Among the vines, the object of special curiosity was the white blackberry, which (at the time I was there) was divested of its ripe fruit, but the vines were in a flourishing condition.

The next thing very noticeable was an argument which would subdue the incredulity of the most stubborn unbeliever—some 15 or 20 bushels of as fine cranberries as ever grew in the county of Essex, were on vines in their garden, cultivated in drills and kept clean of weeds as their outens. I should think if any

man among us deserved a premium for persevering industry and merited success, attended with considerable expense, Mr. Needham, sen., stood in the front rank for a liberal one.—Messrs. Needhams' apple trees, pear trees, and all his trees, were cultivated and kept as clean of weeds as their kitchen garden; they have young grafted apple trees and pear trees of the best varieties for sale, as well as quince bushes, plum trees, and a variety of other fruit-bearing trees and vines.

There are none of us, old or young, who retain our mental faculties, but who can learn either by precept or example. It is worth the expense to every young farmer to visit the establishments of the noted farmers and horticulturists of our own land, if not foreign lands; they will find that somebody else knows 'a thing or two' that themselves do not know. There is a great deal more skill required to make farming profitable at the present day than formerly, when farmers had nothing to do only to clear and plow their ground, sow their seeds, hoe their fields and harvest their crops. Now our worn-out lands must be restored to fertility by learning to supply the exhausted ingredients to fertilize them, and then to discover what crops can be grown upon them to the greatest advantage; or in other words, find out what the land was made for. *The farmer is under the necessity of thinking and studying, as well as the engineer or mariner*; what can a man do who has no mind of his own, but is wedded to some old dogmas or customs of his forefathers? Such ones may be wise in their own fancies, but still there is room 'to live and learn.'

P. S. Last week I was in the orchard of Andrew Leighton, Esq., Elliot, Maine, and among other well cultivated and well burdened varieties, there was one tree that struck my fancy wonderfully, which was called the 'Granny Simonds apple tree,' from a circumstance which he said originated from some rogneish boys in Cambridge, the native place of the original tree. These boys annoyed 'Granny Simonds' by their repeated plundering nocturnal or diurnal depredatory visits to rob her favorite tree, and gave it that name. The tree is apparently a great bearer of large, beautiful, light yellow, sweet fall apples. And now, gentlemen, I should like to know whether you have any knowledge of a tree of the above name and description about Cambridge, or any where else, and if you have, you would gratify me and probably some others by a note in the N. E. Farmer.

Wilmington, August 27, 1852.

FOR SORE THROAT.—Camphor dissolved in brandy and eaten on a piece of loaf sugar is good for a sore throat.

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An Extensive Poultry Establishment.

Mr. Orville Hungerford, of Hounsfield, Jeff. Co., has probably the largest establishment in the State for the production of poultry and eggs. From the report of the Visiting Committee of the Jefferson County Agricultural Society, we learn that Mr. Hungerford has enclosed ten acres of land with a strong picket fence, erected buildings and other fixtures on the premises for the accommodation of five thousand hens, at a cost of three thousand dollars. These buildings are divided into rooms for the accommodation of his birds, suited to their various wants, the whole to be raised by artificial means to the temperature of summer heat during winter.

This is one of the results of the extension of Railroads and facilities for rapid transportation. Formerly a farmer in the interior could find no adequate market for productions of this kind. Now poultry, eggs, fresh meats and all the luxuries of life, may as well be purchased in the interior as in the vicinity of our large towns.

The business of poultry raising has, we think, been successful whenever it has been attempted on a large scale, and with the proper conveniences and facilities. We hope this extensive experiment by Mr. Hungerford will add another to the many proofs that good results invariably follow well directed expenditures of money and labor.—*N. Y. Farmer.*

One Acre.

Mr. Mitchell has bought a single acre of pine land, with a sandy loam soil, which with that adjacent was sold fifteen years ago, covered with timber, for six dollars per acre; more recently, and since the timber has been removed—and this, by the way, brought the owner \$60 per acre clear of all expense—the Deacon purchased one acre for \$80—a very handsome advance, one would say, from its former value. And so it was; but the increase in value did not stop then, for if we owned the land to-day, it would take five hundred as good dollars as ever came from Philadelphia mint to purchase it. Mr. M. has cultivated it four years, and during that time has put upon it manure which cost him about \$32.33. He has upon it about 160 plum trees, embracing a great variety—the Jefferson, the Washington, the Lombard, &c.;—some 25 choice and thrifty apple trees, grafted and budded; numerous pears, mostly the Bartlett, some 500 quince, from which to furnish excellent stocks for engrafting;—grapes; the Isabella, the Tewksbury and native; and such a variety of vegetables, &c., as we have seldom seen. His potatoes are healthy, and notwithstanding the dry weather, are well formed and large—his beans are the largest we have seen this season

—peas nearly past and some of them quite ripe—tomatoes, melons, and other vines, vigorous and full of fruit. Among other interesting facts in the practical experience of Deacon Mitchell, is his success in growing the Sweet Potato, a specimen of which may now be seen on his land.

Let us here record one fact, for the benefit of farmers, especially on dry and sandy land. Mr. Mitchell sub-soiled his ground 13 or 14 inches deep and thoroughly pulverized the soil, some portions of which he spaded; and in all this severe drought, of which farmers are complaining, he has suffered scarcely the least injury.

The profits of this acre cannot be much less than \$100 per year, and this, too, when no profit is derived from the fruit trees, as they are all from the seed or bud within four years. We hope to see Deacon M. at our county meeting at Weare on Thursday, and to hear him speak of the profits of farming.—*Granite Farmer.*

Ohio Butter going Abroad.

Having seen a paragraph to the effect that a large quantity of butter had been shipped by an Ohio House, for foreign market, we took pains, while in Wooster, at the Wayne county fair, to call upon the Agent of the House and get full particulars upon the subject. The transactions are large and more creditable than has been reported.

James Patrick, the enterprising gentleman who is at the head of his trade, spends his time in personally conducting the shipments and sales from New York to San Francisco, residing for a time alternately at each port.—He has three agencies in Ohio, one at Wooster, one at Salem, Columbiana county, and one at Circleville. At these points the butter is purchased from the producers, sorted in two kinds, carefully worked over, salted and put in kegs of 25 and 100 lbs. These kegs are again packed in slack hogsheads, 6 of the 100 pound kegs, or 21 of the 25 pound kegs, and in this condition shipped for San Francisco, California, where the butter meets with a ready sale at highly remunerative prices.

The salt used in repacking is fine bleached Liverpool, worth \$1 per cwt., and is furnished to such customers as will use it, at that price.

We are assured the butter opens after a passage of several months, in the most perfect order, pure and sweet. The average price paid during this season has been about 12 1-2 cents. This season's operations will comprise the purchase of 230,000 pounds at Salem, 125,000 pounds at Wooster, and 50,000 pounds at Circleville. Next year a much larger business is anticipated.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Agricultural Exhibitions, &c.

In our last number we give an account of our visit to the State Fair at Utica, after the close of which, we proceeded to Cleveland, Ohio, where we delivered the annual address, in place of the Hon. Daniel Webster, who was unable to fill his engagement in consequence of indisposition. This was the best State Fair we have ever seen: the grounds were extensive; the buildings, instead of being mere shanties, were arranged tastefully, and sufficiently extensive for the accommodation of all visitors. The citizens of Cleveland entered most spiritedly into the affair, and their houses were thrown open for the accommodation of visitors and the 15th, 16th and 17th of September, will long be remembered as a gala day in Cleveland. We must acknowledge that at every turn we were disappointed, and most agreeably so. We had viewed Ohio through a telescope of 20 years ago, and had forgotten that her advancement had been equal if not superior to our native State. The display would have done credit to any Fair in any country. The show of cattle was by far the most extensive ever seen. The Floral and Horticultural departments were full and effective. The miscellaneous department was not deficient in a single article to be found in the exhibitions nearer the Atlantic seaports. The dairy and farm products were of fine quality, with the exception, perhaps, as noted in our remarks on the State Fair at Utica, almost all the vegetables being hybrids, and not true to their sorts.

The display of new seedling potatoes gives promise that with or without the current disease, we shall have a supply, from the introduction of new and undeteriorated sorts.

Our address was listened to by an audience of two thousand persons; but as it will be published by the Society, we defer its repetition here.

Cleveland is indeed an anomaly to a New Yorker. Here is a city occupying a space, which within our memory was surrounded by a deep forest, and which enjoys at this time a mercantile position equal to any other city of its size in the world. The amount of transportable merchandise received and shipped from Cleveland, is greater in proportion to its number of inhabitants, than in any city of the United States. The immense trade of the Lakes can scarcely be conceived of by eastern men. In tons and value, the amount transported upon these lakes is greater than the total amount of import and export from all foreign countries to our Atlantic cities. The amount of tonnage employed in its transportation, is not so great, because the voyages are shorter, seldom occupying more than twelve hours; but a single one of the mouth steamboats of Lake Erie, transports a

larger amount and value of merchandise per year, than any line of foreign packets.

On the 18th we left Cleveland for Buffalo, and here again we were reminded that the term 'Great West' was truly applicable to the surrounding country. The crops of all the lake shores find their way to these lake ports, and necessity, and multiplicity of transaction, has simplified the methods of merchantile operations, until our merchant princes of the Atlantic cities might profit by many a lesson from those of Buffalo, Cleveland, and other cities of the West. There is an air of solidity about everything connected with western farming, that delights the small operator visiting them from the East. The large farms, the liberal appliances, the fine condition of working cattle, the entire absence of Peasycism, is truly delightful. It is true that the modes of culture are not of the best kind, but the liberal scale on which the operations are carried on, is very pleasing.

From Buffalo we proceeded to Niagara, visiting the great falls, which are but a prototype of everything to be met with in the West. The Canada shore, however, we found to remind us of the ill managed farms of our adopted state.

We next proceeded to Worcester, Massachusetts, where we delivered the Annual Address at the Fair held there on the 23d Sept. by the Worcester Agricultural Society. The plowing match took place at 8 o'clock in the morning, and a large number of competitors were ready on the field. All but two of the plows were drawn by oxen, and we really felt commiseration for the judges who were called on to decide to whom the premiums should be awarded. The plowing, without on exception was good; the depth, however, (seven inches) we consider entirely too light.

We then visited the Horticultural exhibition at which the display of pears, apples and plums was not inferior to other exhibitions of the season. The peaches, perhaps, were less creditable than the other fruits. The display of grapes, and of garden vegetables, was fair. The working cattle exhibited at this Fair were fine and in good drill.

At 1 o'clock a procession was formed, which proceeded to the Town Hall to partake of a dinner provided by the Society, and at which some 800 persons were present. After dinner we were called on to deliver the Annual Address, which was listened to with more attention than we were entitled to.

As phonographic notes were taken of this address by Mr. J. Payne Lowe for the Society who intend to print it in pamphlet form, we forbear repeating it at this time.

On the 28th of September we proceeded to Greenfield, Mass., and attended the Fair of the Franklin County Society held at that place.

The show of ox-teams was highly creditable, large numbers being brought in from each of the adjacent towns, hitched together in one team, and sometimes to the extent of fifteen in a train. We were informed, however, owing to the failure of the grass crops, that many of the cattle had been sold from the neighborhood, and that these trains were not as large as usual.

Among the fat cattle we observed a pair of steers exhibited by Mr. Consider Arms, weighing 5,555 lbs., and surpassing in beauty any other fat cattle we have seen this year.

The Horticultural show at this Fair was peculiarly good—the variety of apples not inferior to that of any of the State exhibitions. The display of pears was not so large. The culinary vegetables were of good quality, but subject to the objections we have before named in relation to exhibitions elsewhere, that of being raised from impure seed, and giving results not true to their sorts.

The show of horses was fair. The whole town seemed over filled with visitors. We were surprised at this, as the Fair at Springfield, and the Fair of another adjoining county, were held on the same day.

We delivered the Annual Address on the 30th, which the society intend to publish for distribution.

The enthusiasm both at Greenfield and Worcester, convinces us that Massachusetts will not long remain without such an organization of an Agricultural Department as the farmers may desire. The appropriations of the State during the last session of the Legislature, were liberal. They already have a State Board of Agriculture, and will appoint a Secretary as a State officer.

The State Board sent a delegate to this Fair, who, in company with many others, delivered able addresses at the annual dinner.

We shall never forget our ride from Springfield to Greenfield on the Housatonic Railroad. This road passes through the valley of the Connecticut River, and on each side we saw those celebrated meadows which have long held first place as the dairy country of the North. Notwithstanding our unpropitious season for grass, we saw hundreds of acres of such aftermath, as is not to be met with elsewhere. The product of four tons from the acre, per season, is not unusual on some of those meadows.

On the 7th of October we delivered the Annual Address for the Bridgeport, Conn., Agricultural Society. The gathering here was very large. The Horticultural exhibition was quite extensive, and the quality of the fruit creditable. Some few exotics from the green-house of Mr. P. T. Barnum, gave a *recherche* appearance to the exhibition room. The plowing match was the best of the season. From the liberality of the President of this Society, the

premiums were \$200, and the number of plows 32.

As a whole, the Fairs of this year surpassed those of the last, but the cheering feature of all, has been the enthusiasm of those attending. Even the County Fairs seem to call together not only the farmers of the Counties in which they are held, but of those adjoining, as well as many from other States. We recognized many faces at Worcester, Greenfield, Bridgeport, and elsewhere, which we met at Cleveland, Ohio, and it was apparent that many farmers were visiting all the Fairs of the season, with a view of ascertaining what improvements had transpired since last year.

Let our legislators in Congress and our State legislatures profit by these facts, and show a willingness to advance the great interests of the country, before they are called on in a more formidable manner by the farmers through the medium of the ballot-boxes. Which ever of the great political parties makes the first movement for the advancement of agriculture by the establishment of an Agricultural Department, of such a character as is needed by the farmers, will gain more votes than by all the *chicanery* which has been before practiced.—J. J. Mapes, Editor of The Working Farmer.

WASTE OF MANURE.—When manures are to be carted out which are throwing out strong steamy fumes, sprinkle them with diluted sulphuric acid and water, to change the volatile carbonate of ammonia. Charcoal dust or plaster of Paris is, also, useful in such cases. Do not cart out and spread manures any more rapidly than they can be plowed in. Manures, if in a state of fermentation, may lose one fifth of their value by exposure to wind and air in a single day.

GRASS UNDER TREES.—By sowing nitrate of soda in small quantities in showery weather; under trees, a most beautiful verdure will be obtained. I have used it under peach trees in my ground, and the grass always looks green. Having succeeded so well on a small scale I have now sown nitrate of soda among the long grass in the plantations, which cattle could never eat. I now find that the herbage is preferred to other parts of the field.

ITCH OR MANGE IN SWINE.—Swine often suffer greatly from this disease. In its worst stages, the skin becomes almost an entire sore, and the animal is distressingly irritated by the inveterate itching. It constantly rubs itself, becomes poor, and if not relieved, dies. An ointment of lard and sulphur, if thoroughly applied all over the body, and rubbed in, will generally cure the complaint. It is well to give sulphur with the food also.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Every thing concerning this great man is very interesting at this time. The following extract from a letter he wrote to an intimate friend in New York, dated Franklin, May 12, 1846, we are sure will be read with unusual interest:

I have made satisfactory arrangements respecting my house here, the best of which is that I can leave it where it is, and yet be comfortable notwithstanding the railroad.

This house faces due north. Its front windows look towards the river Merrimack. But then the river soon turns to the south, so that the eastern windows look toward the river also. But the river has so deepened its channel in this stretch of it, in the last fifty years, that we cannot see its waters, without approaching it, or going back to the higher lands behind us. The history of this change is of considerable importance in the philosophy of streams. I have observed it practically, and know something of the theory of the phenomenon; but I doubt whether the world will ever be benefitted by my learning or my observation in this respect.

Looking out at the east windows this moment, (2, p. m.) with a beautiful sun just breaking out, my eye sweeps a rich and level field of one hundred acres. At the end of it a third of a mile off, I see plain marble grave stones, designating the places where repose my father, my mother, my brother Joseph, and my sisters Mehitable, Abigail and Sarah—good Scripture names, inherited from their Puritan ancestors.

My father! Ebenezer Webster!—born at Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739—the handsomest man I ever saw except my brother Ezekiel, who appeared to me, and so does he now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I laid eyes on. I saw him in his coffin—a white forehead—a tinged cheek—a complexion as clear as heavenly light! But where am I straying?

The grave has closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy—and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!

This fair field is before me—I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, and raked it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it. Some how, I could never learn to hang a scythe! I had not wit enough. My brother Joe used to say that my father sent me to college in order to make me equal to the rest of the children!

On a hot day in July—it must have been one of the last years of Washington's administra-

tion—I was making hay, with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle of the afternoon. The Hon. Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college-learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural powers. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked awhile in the field and then went on his way. When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm on a hay cock. He said, "My son, that is a worthy man—he is a member of Congress—he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education I should have been in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here." "M dear father," said I, "you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest;" and I remember to have cried—and I cry now at the recollection. "My child," said he, "it is of no importance to me—I now live but for my children; I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge; but I can do something for you. Exert yourself—improve your opportunities—learn—learn—and when I am gone you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time."

The next May he took me to Exeter—to the Phillips Exeter Academy; placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, still living.

My father died in April, 1806. I neither left nor forsook him. My opening an office at Boscawen was that I might be near him. I closed his eyes in this very house. He died at sixty-seven years of age, after a life of exertion, toil and exposure—a private soldier, an officer, a legislator, a judge; everything that a man could be to whom learning had never disclosed her ample page."

My first speech at the bar was made when he was on the bench. He never heard me a second time.

He had in him what I recollect to have been the character of some of the old Puritans. He was deeply religious, but not sour—on the contrary, good humored, facetious; showing even in his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth, all as white as alabaster—gentle, soft, playful—and yet having a heart in him that he seemed to have borrowed from a lion. He could frown; a frown it was, but cheerfulness, good humor, and smiles composed his most usual aspect.

Ever truly, your friend;

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Women in France.

'Professor Birney,' who furnishes a series of interesting notes of a Pedestrian tour in France, for the Philadelphia Bulletin, and who, of course, enjoyed rare advantages for observing many of the minute points of French customs and manners, gives a melancholly view of the estimate in which woman is practically held. Some of his pictures are exceedingly graphic, but the idea of woman's inferiority runs through them with painful distinctness. We take the following example. He had bargained for a passage on a canal boat :

The captain invited us on board. 'Off in a minute,' says he. 'Here, wife, hitch up at once.'

At this summons, a stout, raw-boned lady, with complexion and toilette much the worse for hard usage, emerged from below. She stepped on the quarter-deck to wish us good morning, and put on her heavy elogs; then stepped out on the bank. Putting our knapsacks on the quarter-deck, we looked around, expecting to see the captain's lady lead out from some neighboring stable the famous animal that was to make our prow cut the glad blue waters of the canal. Instead of this, she unrolled the tow-line, stretched it to its full length, and dropping over her own head the broad leather loop at its end, bowed herself to the work of towing. She was the beast of draft her husband had bragged of! The boat was too much for her strength; Jules ran to help her, and the captain, surrendering the rudder to me, aided by poling at the sides. In a few minutes we were moving steadily forward. Jules sprang back on the quarter-deck; the captain ceased poling and amused himself by waisting the Marseilles hymn and looking out very cheerfully over the landscape; and the captain's wife is tugging away, leaning down to it an angle of about forty-five.

'Jules,' said I, 'what do you think of that poor woman, bent double on the tow-path?'

'Think! She is better off than I am. She and her husband own the whole boat-load; she told me so.'

Her being turned into a beast of draft did not shock his prejudices in the least; he had been accustomed to witness this degradation. We went on in silence for an hour. During this time we met three boats, two of them drawn by women, and one by a man and a boy. The captain came aft to take the rudder.

'Well, captain,' said I, 'you have a famous mare, it is true, but what could you do if she wouldn't go?'

'Wouldn't go!' he exclaimed with a disdainful laugh. A piece of stout cord, about four feet long, was lying at his feet. He pushed it towards me with the toe of his elog, and added, 'there's a rope's end would bring her to reason.'

'But you wouldn't whip your wife!'

'Let her deserve it, and you'll see.'

'You haven't the right to.'

'Why not? If my donkey won't go, I wallop him.'

'You don't compare your wife to your donkey?'

'Generally she is a good creature enough, but sometimes she is the most stubborn of the two.'

'That makes no difference; it is dastardly to fly into a passion with a woman.'

'There you are right,' said he, with a laugh; 'I never am in a passion when I correct her.' And the brute was so pleased with his reparates in defence of his right of property, that he showed almost his whole semi-circle of white teeth. He descended into the cabin to cook the dinner, and I went on shore and entered into conversation with his wife. She was very communicative; told me they were getting on very well in the world, and would soon have enough to buy a cabin and garden patch; her husband was generally kind to her; he corrected her sometimes, but it was when she vexed him; and when he got into liquor he thought it fine fun to pitch her into the water; but the canal was not deep, and she always waded out and waited until he got sober before going back to the boat. The poor woman did not suspect herself of being unhappy, and I did not hint to her that I thought her so. Who should I trouble her peaceable existence when I could introduce no higher one? I expressed no sympathy, and went back to the boat.

THE SNAKE AND THE CROCODILE.—The following thrilling account of an engagement between a boa constrictor and a crocodile in Java, is given by an eye witness :

It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal, and every thing could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over this pond was a gigantic teak tree, and in its thick, shining, evergreen leaves, lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape of the baboon species, a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief.

Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped plump upon the snake,

which fell splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a limb of the tree, but a battle royal immediately commenced in the water. The serpent grasped in the middle by the crocodile, made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winding his fold round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and, by his contractions, made the scales and bones of the monster crack.

The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of mischief was in a state of the highest ecstasy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, came several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back the head hung lifeless in the water.

The crocodile also was still, and though only the spines of his back were visible, it was evident that he too was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly tipped over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds, however, brought him ashore, and and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches.

Pie Plant and Asparagus.

A "Farmer's wife." wishes to know if the large stalks of the pie plant are the result of cultivation or of selecting a large sort—the time for manuring—distance asunder in planting—and number of leaves to be left to each root. Also the time to transplant asparagus, and best mode of culture. An answer to these inquiries has been accidentally delayed a few months.

Rows four feet apart, and plants two feet in the row, is a suitable distance for the pie plant. If the sort is large and the soil deep and fertile, they will need all this space. The "large stalks" are the combined result of good cultivation and selecting such large varieties as "*Giant*," a green sort with round stalks, which sometimes grow to the thickness of a man's wrist; "*Victoria*," red, equally large, earlier, and better in quality; and "*Downing's Colossal*," regarded by many as the best of all.

There are some smaller and earlier varieties. The plantation should be covered with manure late in autumn, and this should be spaded in early in spring. All the leaves are usually allowed to grow.

Asparagus seed is sown in autumn or early in spring in drills about half an inch deep in heavy soil, and an inch in light soil, the ground being rich and highly manured. The seedlings should be set out at a year old, very early in spring or as soon as the ground can be worked, in soil which has been trenched or subsoiled and made very rich to a depth of nearly two feet. See the plants two inches below the surface, in rows two feet apart and a foot asunder in the row. The next autumn cover the plants three inches with manure. For two years, let the stalks grow to strengthen the roots, keeping the beds clean, raking off the dead stalks in autumn and covering with manure, to be forked in early in the spring.—Some earth will perhaps need an annual replacing, or the plants will come too near the surface by the dressing they get. The third or fourth year will give fine crops, which will continue for many years.

It is usual to make rich beds two or three feet deep, an excellent practice; and to plant them very thick with plants, a very poor one—for the stalks can never grow so large when crowded. We have seen as large asparagus raised on ordinary corn ground, six inches deep, in drills three feet apart for horse cultivation, as in a bed three feet deep and half manure, with plants placed closely together.—The finest stalks are always obtained by distance and depth combined. Asparagus, being usually increased by seed, runs somewhat into varieties, and a "*Giant*" variety is much lauded; but the size depends mainly, if not wholly on the cultivation which is given. A bed of earth and manure, well mixed, two feet deep, and with plants a foot by two feet, will convert any asparagus plants into giants. Salt is a good manure, which we have seen applied in sufficient quantities to kill the weeds without injuring the plants.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR BOYS.—Gideon Lee said, late in life, "I remember, when I was a lad, living with my uncle. It was my business to feed and water the cows. And many a time long before day-light in the morning, I was started off in the cold snow, without shoes, to my work, and used to think it a luxury to warm my frozen feet on the spot just before occupied by the animal I had aroused. It taught me to reflect and to consider possibilities; and I remember asking myself, Is it not possible for me to better my condition?" Mr. Lee reflected to some purpose. From a poor boy he became one of the wealthiest men in New York and Mayor of the city.

The Valley Farmer.

EPHRAIM ABBOTT, Editor.

Editor's office and Printing office, in Old Post Office Building, north side of Chesnut street, between Third and Fourth streets, entrance on Old Post Office Alley.

ST. LOUIS, DECEMBER, 1852.

Removal.

The Editor's office and Printing office of the VALLEY FARMER is removed to the OLD POST OFFICE BUILDING, north side of Chesnut street, between Third and Fourth streets, entrance on Old Post Office Alley.

Bound Volumes.

We have a few bound volumes of Vol. 2., for 1850, and also of Vol. 4., for 1852, for sale at our office. Volumes 1 and 3 are all gone. The price of Vol. 2 is one dollar, and of Vol. 4 one dollar and twenty-five cents; or both together and the Farmer for 1853 for three dollars.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER and THE WOOL GROWER.—We call attention to the advertisement of these papers in our paper to-day. We have repeatedly spoken favorably of them, and again cordially recommend them to the patronage of our readers. The *New Yorker* is a miscellaneous family newspaper, beautifully printed, and contains besides a large amount of excellent agricultural matter; a choice variety of education and fire-side reading of an unexcepted character. The *Wool Grower* should be considered an indispensable adjunct on the farm of every man engaged in stock or sheep raising. It contains regular reports of the state of the markets, and treats generally upon the diseases and natural conditions and wants of all our domestic animals. We shall be happy to receive and forward subscriptions for either or both of these publications.

Origin of the Apple.

A book called 'British Pomology' has appeared, containing a description of 942 different kinds of apples. All these are traceable to the common crab.

Are they, indeed? Just about as much, we imagine, as the 942 different races of men,

more or less, are all traceable to the common monkey. The fact is, the whole of the theory which attributes the origin of all our fine fruits and valuable grains to the worthless varieties found growing wild is absurd. As well might we say that we are all savages improved by cultivation, instead of regarding the savage as one who in consequence of neglect had deteriorated from his natural and original position. Suppose you take a wild grape for instance, and remove it into your garden, and by care and attention you produce grapes far superior to these produced in its wild state, do you thereby prove that you have improved its natural condition? No such thing. You merely do something towards bringing it back to its natural condition.

When God created the earth and all that grows upon it, He pronounced it *good* and then He planted a garden and put Adam in it to dress it and to keep it, telling him he had given him every tree bearing fruit for food—but what a sorry time he must have had of it if he had nothing but crab apples and tasteless grapes to keep and cultivate! How long would it probably take for one of our lucious genitens, for instance, to become a crab if neglected? About as long as it would take to cultivate a crab apple and make a geniten of it.

But this theory, so far as the apple is concerned has other difficulties to contend with. Scientific authority and facts appear fully to establish the entire distinctiveness of the common apple and the crab. Says the Horticulturist:

The celebrated English botanist, Ray, regarded them as distinct, and later authorities have given the following specific characters, which show them to be more unlike than many others universally admitted as distinct:

English Crab.—Leaves ovate, *acute*, villous underneath; styles *bald*; fruit acerb, astringent, austere.

Apple Tree.—Leaves ovate-oblong, *acuminate*, glabrous; styles *villous*; fruit more or less sweet.

In accordance with these marked distinctions, says the Horticulturist, is the experience of centuries; for the English crab has been propagated from seed from time immemorial, without changing its character, or presenting any resemblance to the fine varieties of the common apple. It may be observed that the American crab apple, is totally distinct from both.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

Mrs. MARY ABBOTT.

Close of the Year.

Again we have come to the close of the year. Have the readers of our department been profited by our exertions to be useful to them? If they have then we rejoice in our labor; and we hope and pray that our lives may be spared yet another year, that we may be of some use in our humble sphere. It is the chief and sole desire of our hearts to be useful. Has any father, mother, son or daughter found any thing in this year's reading of the FAMILY CIRCLE to elevate and ennoble their minds? Have parents been encouraged to persevere to train up their children in the way they should go? Has filial affection, brotherly love, the love of the beautiful in nature, the love of industry and generosity, and all the better feelings of our nature been encouraged by reading these few pages? If they have, then our labor has not been in vain. We have tried to make the FAMILY CIRCLE useful and interesting to each member of the family.

We hope to have more time and better health for the year to come if our life is spared, and we shall strive to make our department still more interesting. We intend to pay more attention to domestic economy, horticulture, education, the benefits of out-door exercise to health, and such other subjects as tend to strengthen and enlighten the mind.

The close of the year is a time to reflect. It is a solemn time! How many of our friends have gone to that "borne from whence no traveler returns?" Perhaps some loved ones from the hearths of those who read the FAMILY CIRCLE have gone and left their hearts desolate. This will call up sad and mournful thoughts and make us feel as we too would like to die with the dying year. These thoughts will do us good, if they lead us to consider for what we were made, and make us know that we too must die; and if we live as Christians in view of eternity we shall meet the dear ones who have died in Christ in a land where parting does not come, and where.

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are seen and felt no more."

The clock upon the mantel piece is ticking;
Thus hour by hour it tells a funeral chime:
By day and night its calm and constant ticking

Denotes the speed of the old traveller Time.

It is a solemn voice. Who hath an ear

To hear its warning accents, let him hear—

And preparation make to meet the day

When he, alone, shall lie upon the brink

Of human life, and death shall bid him drink

The hemlock cup that none can put away.

What though man turn from the unwelcome theme,

Will time sit still for man's forgetfulness?—

To watch and wake were wiser than to dream

And wake at last to no remediless.

MACKELLER.

As we promised in a former number to take notice of the dry goods stores, and inform our readers where they can obtain the best goods at the most reasonable prices, so we have redeemed our promise and have examined the goods of several stores, and we think our friend HOIT sells a little the cheapest, and has the best stock of dress and domestic goods we have found anywhere. We recommend ladies, especially to trade at Mr. HOIT's, as we can assure them that they will be politely treated, and if they buy goods they will be dealt with honestly. They do not get tired of showing their goods, nor treat ladies in a rude and surly manner, if they do not wish to buy, whether they like the goods or not, as we have known some to do. We recommend the following notice of Mr. HOIT's store to our friends both in the country and city:

From the Evening Dispatch.

Read!

The following high compliment is from the "Valley Farmer," and from the pen of the amiable and highly accomplished Editor of the Ladies department of that justly popular and widely circulated journal, MRS. MARY ABBOTT:

We recommend Mr. HOIT's, No. 212, Broadway and 131 1/2 Fourth street, where may be found every article wanted in a family, at most reduced prices. We have traded with Mr. HOIT for years. He is a gentleman, and will treat all who may call upon him in an obliging and gentlemanly manner.

It is gratifying to feel conscious of meriting such praise. I attribute my almost unparalleled success in business to this cause together with superior facilities for buying cheap and selling cheap, thereby giving my customers good goods at largely below the regular price. I have no occasion to solicit custom, as the throngs constantly at my house show that I have more than I can do. But I thank the ladies for their due appreciation of my manner of doing business, and wish not to be envied.

TRUE WORTHY HOIT.

Cold cream, for sore lips, is made by mixing two ounces of oil of almonds, one ounce of spermaceti, one drachm of white wax, and melting them together, adding rose water to perfume them.

We have regularly received Mrs. Whittlesey's Magazine, the Student, Family Visitor, and Youth's Companion; all of which we are glad to see and we have highly recommended them. We used to receive *Merry's Museum*, and we have often recommended it, and spoken of it as a good child's and youths' paper, and we do not know why it does not come.

We received just as our paper was going to to press a keg of beautiful nice hard pickles; a present from Miss *Martha Emily Stith*, of Lewis county. We thank her very much for this token of her friendship, and hope ere long to tell her so personally. In a note from her father he informs us that they are put up in the old way—in salt, and that he has several barrels more of the same sort—some of which he sent to Messrs. Makay & Morton, 58 Levee, and also to Mr. Matthews 35 Levee, of this city for sale. We recommend such of our readers as have occasion to buy the article to go there for them.

Boy's Evenings.

Many a boy ruins his character and wrecks all his hopes by misemploying the evening hours. School or business has confined him all the day, and the rebound which his elastic nature throws these duties off carries him often almost unawares beyond the limits both of propriety and prudence.

Besides the impetuous gush of spirits whose buoyancy has been thus confined, there are influences peculiar to the time which render the evening a period of special temptation. Satan knows that its hours are leisure ones for the multitude, and then, if ever, he is zealous to secure their services; warily planning that unexpected fascinations may give an attractive grace to sin, and unparalleled facilities smooth the path to ruin. Its shadows are a cloak which he persuades the young will fold with certain concealment around every error, in seductive whispers telling them 'It is the black and dark night, come.' How many thus solicited to come, 'as the bird hastening to the snare, knowing not that it is for their lives,' let the constantly recurring instances of juvenile depravity testify.

Parents acknowledge the evil here pointed out, and anxiously inquire, 'What is to be done? can we debar our children from every amusement?' Boys themselves confess it, but plead in reply to the remonstrances of friends, 'that evening is their only time, and that they must have some sport.' It is certainly very proper that the young should have some amusements,

None better than ourselves are pleased to hear the lips of childhood eloquent with the exclamation, 'Oh! we have had lots of fun.' It seems like our own voice coming back in echoes to us from a long lapsed past. These amusements should, however be innocent; and innocent amusements are more easily secured and enjoyed at home. Here parental sympathy may sweeten the pleasures, and parental care check the evils of play, frequently intermingling its incidents with lessons of instruction. If parents would use half the assiduity to render an evening spent at home agreeable, that Satan employs to win to the haunts of vice, they would oftentimes escape the grief occasioned by filial misdeeds, and secure a rich reward in having their children's maturity adorned by many virtues.

A word to boys concludes all that we would now say. Spend your evening hours, boys at home. You may make them among the most agreeable and profitable of your lives, and when when vicious companions would tempt you away, remember that God hath said, 'Cast not thy lot in with them; walk not in their way; refrain thy foot from their path. They lay in wait for their own blood; they lurk privily for their own lives. But walk thou in the way of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous.'—*The Schoolmate.*

TO BOIL FRESH PORK.—Take a fat blade-bone of country pork, commonly called the oyster, take out the bone and put veal stuffing in its place, wrap it in a clean cloth, and put it into a saucepan of boiling water with a little salt; let it boil slowly for about an hour and a half, or an hour and three quarters, according to the size; it should, however, be well done. Serve it up with parsley and butter poured over it plentifully. This is a most rich, and at the same time a most delicate dish, equal to boiled fowl and pickled pork, which, indeed, it greatly resembles.

FIRE KINDLERS.—Take a quart of tar, 3 lbs. of rosin, melt them, bring them to a cooling temperature, mix as much saw dust with a little charcoal added, as can be worked in; spread out while hot on a board; when cold, break up into lumps of the size of a large hickory nut; and you have at a small expense, kindling material enough for a household one year. They will easily ignite from a match, and burn with a strong blaze, long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn.—*Rochester Union.*

Lame and Lazy.

Two beggars, Lame and Lazy, were in want of bread. One leaned upon his crutch the other reclined on his couch.

Lame called on Charity and humbly asked

for a cracker. Instead of a cracker he received a loaf.

Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed 'What, ask a cracker and receive a loaf! Well, I will ask for a loaf.'

Lazy now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread.

'Your demanding a loaf,' said Charity 'proves you a loafer. You are of that class and character who *ask and receive not*; you ask amiss.'

Lazy, who always found fault, and had rather whine than work, complained of ill treatment, and even accused Charity of a breach of an exceeding great and precious promise, 'Ask, and you shall receive.'

Charity pointed him to a painting in her room, which presented to his vision three personages, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Charity appeared larger and fairer than her sisters. He noticed that her right hand held a pot of honey, which fed a bee disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

'Don't understand it,' said Lazy.

Charity replied, 'It means, that Charity feeds the lame and flogs the lazy.'

Lazy turned to go.

'Stop,' said Charity, 'instead of *coin* I will give you *counsel*. Do not go and live on your poor mother, for I will send you a *rich ant*.'

'Rich aunt!' echoed Lazy. 'Where shall I find her?'

'You will find her in Proverbs, 6th chapter and 6th verse.'

MORAL.—Instead of waiting and wishing a rich *UNCLE to die* go and see how a rich *AUNT* lives.

The Love of Money.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

One of several things that are 'too hard for me,' and which I cannot by any means comprehend, is the passion thus designated in Scripture, with the awful character superadded, that it is 'the root of all evil.' I can readily conceive that money, as a means of procuring other gratifications, may be coveted almost beyond bounds. He who has a full purse may cast his eyes over every stall in Vanity Fair, and select whatever pleases him.—He may command all that tends to fulfil the 'desires of the flesh and of the mind,' in the worst sense of their corrupt cravings; he may take a nobler range, and minister out of his substance to the temporal necessities of his poorer brethren; or he may ascend yet higher ground, and, the love of Christ constraining him, scatter the bread of life in the way of famishing souls. That the possession of money, therefore, should appear to men of all characters a desirable good, so far as to ren-

der a cautionary injunction needful even to the holiest of God's people, is natural enough. But there is a form sometimes taken by this money-loving principle that equally amazes and disgusts me, when found among those who profess more than nominal Christianity; while, in all cases, it is unspeakably contemptible and revolting to common sense. I mean the passion for hoarding money.

When a person lays by a sum, without any intention of spending it, and without any defined object of future usefulness to other individuals, is it, can it be of more value to him than an equal quantity of the dust that lies upon the earth's surface, or of pebbles that glitter in the brook? 'Thou fool!' is the recognized title of him who lays up much goods for many years, in order to take his fill, to eat, drink, and be merry. 'Thou knave!' may be safely superadded, when the wretched being grasps at gold, that it may lie by and canker, and the rust thereof be a witness against him, while the poor cry unto the Lord for lack of what he hears in darkness. Still, the miser exercises a species of self-denial—preposterous and wicked indeed, but self-denial nevertheless—and that is a thing not voluntarily submitted to by many. Such characters do cross my path, and I gaze after them and marvel; but the number is fearfully great of those who come within the meaning of the text, and whose love of money, though they board it not, is a prolific root of evil, sprouting forth on all sides.

When I see a child, with a penny in his hand or pocket, carelessly glance at the half-naked figure and wan countenance of another child, crying for bread, while he retains his penny, in the cherished prospect of the cake or toy-shop, where he hopes to barter it for some superfluous indulgence, I behold the unfolding germ of what will become a very evil tree.

When I mark a purchaser striving to beat down the humble dealer, who, perhaps, consents to be robbed rather than lose a customer, I find the tree in blossom—and what blossoms! Often have I witnessed a scene that crimeons my cheek with the blush of shame and indignation: some poor, industrious creature offering for sale a few baskets, or some other little work of ingenuity, the pale face and gaunt figure bearing witness how important the trifle at which the article is priced must be to the seller; while the buyer, who would not miss thrice the sum, stands chaffering and 'beating down' the distressed vender until she carries off the article at half its value, and glories in her disgraceful 'bargain.' This does not always result from the love of money; for I have seen the pence so unfeelingly withheld from an industrious artisan, carelessly flung, within a few minutes after-

ward, to some sturdy vagrant, who roared out his appeal to the very questionable charity of the donor. A scene in a stage-coach I never can forget: we were waiting for the moment of starting, when a poor woman, evidently in the last stage of consumption, offered some fine oranges at the door for sale. One of the passengers commenced bargaining (I hate the very word,) and succeeded in tantalizing the distressed creature until she emptied her whole store into his lap, with a despairing look, for what I, who had often filled a basket for such perishing outcasts, well knew to be far beneath the prime cost of the fruit; and as, while replacing his purse, he chuckled and bragged over his capital bargain, I could hardly refrain from telling him that, by withholding the little profit on her stock, he had left that almost dying woman destitute of the means of replenishing it; and had, perhaps, wrested the morsel from the lips of a starving family. Oh, the love of money, taking this shape, slays many a victim among the honest poor; driving many more to crime and irretrievable ruin!

The love of money, under a very specious form, sometimes creeps into even our best religious societies, inducing their managers to put the tempting idol in the place of God, where their funds are concerned. 'Let us secure ample means, and God will bless our labors,' is the perhaps, unconscious, error of those, who ought rather to say, 'Let us seek God's blessing, and the means will be given.' For this we have distinct warrant in Scripture; and it is lamentable to observe how little is looked for in simple faith, how much labored for with confidence in fleshly wisdom and might, where we should expect the very reverse of this rule. If we could but get our minds fully impressed with the conviction, that the love of money is the root of all evil, we should detect and baffle the enemy at many points where he now carries on successful assaults, which we shall only discover by their consequences, when, perhaps, it is too late.

HONOR TO WOMAN.—Without her smiles the world would lose its brightness—society's charm would exist no longer. Christianity would languish without her aid.

'In whose principles,' said the dying daughter of Ethan Allen to her skeptical father—'in whose principles shall I die, yours or my Christian mother's?

The stern old hero of Ticonderoga brushed away a tear from his eye as he turned away and with the same rough voice which summoned the British to surrender, now tremulous with deep emotion, said—

'In your Christian mother's, child; in your mother's.'

Sacred to the heart is the memory of a mother's love.

'Keep your Chickens Out of My Garden!'

Col. R. and Gen. M. were formerly neighbors, and had gardens adjoining each other.

One fine morning in spring, about the time of planting, Col. R. met his friend the General in the street, boiling over with rage, who addressed him after this wise:

'Confound your darn'd old hens, Colonel, they've been in my garden and scratched the beds every which way; I shall have to make them all over again; can't you shut them up this summer?'

'Keep cool, General,' said the Colonel, 'I prefer that my hens should have plenty of sun, air, exercise, and food, and I don't believe that your garden seeds will hurt them at all. However, if they trouble you much, shoot 'em—shoot 'em.'

'I will, Colonel,' said the still more excited General, 'I'll do it, blamed if I don't,' and turning around on his heel, marched away as mad as a wild cat.

The next morning as the Colonel was sipping his coffee, the family were startled by the 'bang,' 'bang,' of fire arms the cause of which was soon ascertained. The Colonel, on going to the division fence, looked over and saw General M. in the heat of bloody murder. Six fine specimens of the 'dunghill' fowl were flouncing about on the ground unwilling yet to give up their gizzards to the gourmand.

'Aha, General! so you are executing your threat, are you?'

'To be sure, I told you I'd do it, and I'll be darned if I don't shoot all the rest, if you don't shut 'em up. But here, take the thievish critters; I don't want them; they are too highly seasoned with shot for my family.'

'Thank you, thank you, General M., just wait a day or two before you kill any more, until we eat these up, and then I've no objection to having the rest shot.'

Now, Col. R. was rather jealous of his rights and, moreover, as fiery as Mars in his disposition, and it was a great mystery to the General how he could keep so cool about this matter. 'He sequel will show.'

In two or three days after, three more fine fat chickens were thrown into the Colonel's garden, and duly taken care of by the cook.

At last the General 'smelt a rat.' His own chickens were missing, and the egg basket hung on the peg quite empty, to the utter astonishment of his good wife, who had never known a similar occurrence before.

'Col. R.,' said the General, 'have I killed all your hens yet?'

'Killed all my hens, General, 'slowly repeated Col. R., 'why I have not owned a living hen these three years!'

The General sloped. He had sloped. He had shot and given to Col. R., nine of his best layers.—*Carpet Bag.*

ST. LOUIS MARKET—WHOLESALE.

HEMP—per ton, \$83 to \$95. Demand light.
FLOUR—per bbl., good country brands, \$3.70 to \$3.75; choice brands, \$3.80; superfine city, \$3.80 to \$4; extra country and city, \$4.25 to \$4.50.
WHEAT—per bushel, good to prime, 70 to 75 cts; choice 78 to 80 cts.
CORN—per bushel, 43 to 44 cents, in sacks; from wagons 28 to 30 cts.
OATS—per bushel, 31 to 32 cents, sacks included.
TORRICO—per cwt., \$3.90 to \$5.50.
BARLEY—per bushel, 58 to 60 cents.
MESS PORK—per bbl., \$20.00.
PICKLED HAMS—per lb., 8 1-2 cents.
LARD—per lb., No. 1, 10 to 11 1-2 cents.
SUGAR—per lb., common, 5 to 5 1-4 cents.
MOLASSES—per gallon, 31 to 32 cents.
COFFEE—per lb., Rio, 9 to 10 cents.
SALT—per sack, G. A., \$1.25; T. I. 85 to 90 cts; Kan-
 awha 25 cents per bushel.
PIG IRON—per ton, cold blast, \$24.
BRAN—58 to 60 cents per 100 lbs.
ONIONS—per bushel, 35 cents.
HAY—per hundred, timothy, 75 cents.
BUTTER AND CHEESE—Fair country butter, 15 to 18c; good to prime, 18 to 20c; choice Ohio roll, 18 to 22c. W. R. cheese 7 1-4 to 7 1-2 cts per prime.
DRYED FRUIT—Scarce, and prime apples held at \$1.50; peaches \$2.25 to \$2.75 per bushel.
GREEN APPLES—\$1.50 to \$2 per bushel.
CASTOR BEANS—per bushel, \$1.25.
WHITE BEANS—per bushel, \$1.25 to \$1.75.
BEESWAX—prime yellow W 22c per lb.
FLAXSEED—Prime seed is taken at 90c per bushel.
TALLOW—No. 1 8 1-2 cts.
FEATHERS—Prime new are held at 32a34c per lb.
HIDES—Sales of dry flint at 7c.

ST. LOUIS LIVE STOCK MARKET.

BEEF CATTLE—Several small droves have come in since last report, from the western counties, but in general of an inferior quality. To-day there are but few in the yards. No. 1 beeves are scarce; butchers find it difficult to procure a sufficiency suitable for stall use. There have been several shipments the present week. The Atlantic took down a small drove of second rate cattle yesterday for New Orleans. The trade of the present week closes with prices agreeable to last quotations, without much variation.

HOGS—Sales of several lots have been made at \$5.75 per 100 lbs. Rates the present week have ranged from \$5.75 to \$6, and over, and have raised very much from day to day according to the quantity in the yards. It is difficult to quote prices with any degree of nicety, they are so various. The demand for heavy hogs is quite active. The week closes with a tolerable supply in market, but with very little prospect of any material variation in rates for the present; yet it is reasonably anticipated as the weather grows colder, that the present rates cannot long be maintained.

SHEEP—Sheep in considerable numbers have come in during the week; market is now tolerably well supplied. Prices are firm, demand active. Butchers are paying from \$2 to \$2.75 for the best.

LAMBS—Supply much better since last report, rates agreeable to former quotations, without variation.

CALVES—There is a scarcity in market,

roads being in bad condition. Very few are brought to market in wagons, as is usually the case. They are in demand.

COWS WITH CALVES—It is quite difficult to quote with any degree of accuracy, as the cow trade is so unsteady. There are but very few family cows brought in of late.

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